



HARTFORD

An Epic Poem

By

William Colegrove



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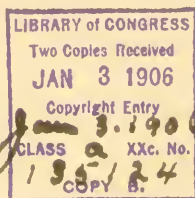
BY

WILLIAM COLEGROVE



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BOOK I.

Arms and the men I sing who erst to Connecticut land
came,
Founding a Puritan Colony there by the River at Hart-
ford;—
Men of intelligence chiefly, and men of integrity also,—
Men whose Religion was certainly not a mere shallow
profession,
But was the constantly active incentive, the root and the
mainspring
Of their demeanor and customs, their enterprise, and of
their life-work.
Lovers of Liberty and the advantages of it by nature,
Yet their endeavors were mainly to gain that Freedom
of Worship
Which was denied them where they were born and had
sporting in childhood.
Much they had suffered in Albion land for the free-
dom of Conscience,—
Scourged, and imprisoned, and fined, and committed to
murderous hot flames,—
Scorned, and pursued with implacable hatred, they bore
it a long time;
Then, in despair of obtaining the rights they had earn-
estly sought there,
They had sojourned in the Netherlands, waiting and
hoping for some change
Making it possible they should return to that
beautiful England
Where they were born, and for which in their tedious
and pitiful exile
Always they yearned with a warmth and a tenderness
not to be set forth
Fairly and fully with adequate strength and perfection
of language.

Driven at length to abandon all hopes of their ever
returning,
They had resolved to attempt to pass over the perilous
Ocean,
And to create for themselves in American wilds a new
England
Where they might worship in freedom and safety the
God of their Fathers.
Great tribulations they suffered; and perils unnum-
bered pursued them;
But they were over the ocean at last, and had built for
themselves homes,
Humble, but precious and cheerful, at Plymouth, and
Salem, and Boston.
Others arrived; and the Settlements grew with a
vigor surprising.
Boston at length was o'ercrowded,—embarrassed al-
ready with numbers,—
So that a part of the people selected another location
Where there was room for all comers, and christened
the settlement Newtown.
Over the Church that was formed in the Colony there
we behold now
Hooker, the servant of God, and the faithful instructor
of young men.
England the home of his earlier days, and his native
place Marfield,—
Holland the scene of his labor in years of his wear-
some exile;—
Then with his people to Boston he came, and sojourned
for a time there
Ere they determined to form a new settlement over the
river.
He was a man of intelligence, prudence, and skill in
devising
Measures to benefit every class of his friends and his
neighbors.

Many the books that he wrote ; and great was the fame
of his genius.
Easily chief of the heroes, and first in the number of
great men
Counted as leaders and heads of the people who
founded the new State,
Yet he came not as a Conqueror, nor an invader of
men's rights,—
Not with belligerent squadrons marshalled for pillage
and plunder,—
Not with the roaring of cannon, nor gleaming and flash-
ing of broad-swords,—
Not with destroying chariots, nor with the prancing of
horses
Trained for the battle, and carrying warriors clad in
thick armor,—
Not with the rattling of drums, nor screams of the
piercing and shrill fife,—
Not with the eagles of conquest, nor with the banners
of red war,
But with equipments for enterprise higher, and nobler,
and grander.
Wielding the weapons of reason and logic, he battled
for great truths ;
Wielding the Scriptures in wisdom, he battled for jus-
tice and right ways ;
Panoplied well in the armor of righteousness, all his
endeavors
Were for the good of his people, and building up beau-
tiful Zion.
“Light of the Churches” the title of honor that good
people gave him ;
Gentle of spirit, and tolerant of the opinions of others,
Charity crowned the bright pyramid formed of his
graces and virtues.
Kindred in spirit with Hooker, and sharing his la-
bors as Colleague,

Stone, without contest, was nearly his equal in work sacerdotal,—

Highly esteemed for his gifts, and his patience, and wonderful meekness,

Much he encouraged, and strengthened, and helped his friends and companions.

England the place of his birth, and the place of his studious young days,—

England beloved and lamented, deserted at last with great sorrow.

Thomas and Samuel nurtured their flock in commendable union,—

Not undermining, but each one esteeming the other more worthy;—

Bravely they labored in harmony, sowing the seed of the Gospel,—

Patiently waiting and watching, enduring privations and hardships.

Grateful for mercies already obtained, yet Hooker perceived still

Many conditions adverse to their temporal progress and welfare.

Sterile the soil there; scanty the harvests rewarding their labors;—

Rumors had come of a beautiful Valley more fertile far inland;—

Not satisfactory were the surroundings in matters of conscience;—

Nearer together the Colonies were than would policy place them,

If it were meant to allow them fair room for their future expansion;—

New comers also were ready to purchase their houses for money;—

Chiefs in Connecticut Valley invited the English to come there;—

Providence seemed to be urging them on in a manner peculiar;—

Hence they determined to make a most earnest united
endeavor,
Crossing the wilderness rough intervening with all
their possessions,
Thus to gain lands more desirable, and a more excellent
freedom,
Founding upon the great River a little Connecticut
New-town.

Prior to this, at the earnest request and advice of a
Sachem,
Governor Winslow and others from Plymouth, explor-
ing the country,
Visiting every part of the fertile and beautiful Valley,
Found it inviting, and offering many inducements to
settlers ;
Hence they determined a Colony soon to dispatch to
that region.

News of the movement conveyed to the Dutch at the
Island Manhattan
Caused them to plan a bold scheme of obstruction, and
seize the great River.
Quickly they sent and constructed a Fort on the River
at Dutch Point,—

Hoping that thus they might baffle the plan of the Eng-
lish at Plymouth.

Vain their hope ; for bold Holmes, the Commander,
in spite of their threatening,
Passed them with scorning, and landed his men and his
cargo at Windsor.
There they established a Trading House ample, and
made it a strong-hold ;—

People from Boston soon came to their aid ; and another
contingent
Planted themselves at the Wethersfield meadows below
the Dutch fortress.

Then the redoubtable Governor, Wouter Van Twiller
the smoker,

Calling a Council of War in his Castle on Island Manhattan,
Quickly related with eloquence rare in the stops of his smoking,
English aggressions in seizing the banks of Connecticut River,—
Threatening vengeance, and vowing that shortly by force he would drive them
Out of his realms, and recover the lands they had craftily stolen.
“Early to-morrow the Army,” said he, “shall set out on its long march ;—
Seventy men must be ready ; and Captain Van Dunder shall lead them.”
Then he dismissed the assembly of valiant and wondering warriors,—
Summoned Van Dunder, and ordered him straightly to march in the morning.
Captain Van Dunder, obeying the order, had marched “in the morning”
After a month had been spent in obtaining the men and their rations,—
And in the course of a week had proceeded as far as the old Fort
Standing in loneliness there on the bank of the River at Dutch Point.
Having recruited the strength of the forces with beer and with slumber,
“Onward and upward” beside the smooth current he carefully led them
Till he discovered the threatening walls of the Fortress at Windsor.
Now reconnoit’ring with care the position, and finding it stronger
Far than he thought, and perceiving the rashness of any endeavor
Forcible entrance there to secure, he halted his Army.

Then he addressed with commendable prudence the
soldiers he led there :

“Not to attack such a Castle as that have we come all
the way through

Forests and marshes and waste lands, and waters our
progress opposing.”

Sending a Flag then he said to the waiting and vigilant
English

“Wouter Van Twiller requests and commands you
quickly to leave these

Regions included within the domain which he rightfully
governs.”

Waiting no answer, he thereupon turned and de-
parted in great haste,

Marching with vigor, nor stopping for eating or sleep-
ing till dark night

Covered the land, and removed from his vision the way
he must follow ;—

Then with reluctance permitted the men to repose on
the bare ground,—

Making repast upon what they could find that would
satisfy hunger.

Rousing them up when first day-light appeared, he
went rapidly onward,

Marching with vigor, nor stopping for eating or rest-
ing till high noon ;—

Then with reluctance permitting the men to repose for
a short time,

Hastily eating whatever they'd gathered to mollify hun-
ger,

“Forward” he ordered, and forward proceeded with
resolute quick-step,

Marching with vigor, nor stopping for eating or rest-
ing till night-fall

Brought him, all covered with glory, again to the Island
Manhattan,

Where he related his wonderful deeds while he smoked
with composure,

Making Report to the Governor, Wouter Van Twiller,
the smoker.

Afterwards Winthrop the younger from England arrived with Commission

Straight to erect a stout Fort at the mouth of Connecticut River.

This he constructed, and, doing so, founded the Colony Saybrook.

Scarcely complete was this Fortress commanding the mouth of the River

When a Dutch vessel with men and provisions attempted to enter.

Finding their enterprise thwarted and baffled, they sullenly turned back,

Leaving the beautiful region above in control of the English;

Yet many years was the Fortress maintained on the River at Dutch Point.

Hooker and Stone and their People, a hundred, at Colony New-town,

Gathering wagons and carts and provisions, and cattle,
a great herd,—

Gathering implements needed by farmers, and poultry,
and seed-grain,—

Selling their houses and lands, and whatever was heavy
and cumbrous,—

Choosing the beautiful time in the flowery June for
their journey,—

Earnestly seeking the blessing of God in their work for
his glory,—

Strong in faith that their prayers will be heard, and
that Heaven will guide them,—

Bidding adieu to the friends who remain in the place
they are leaving,—

Start on the route, but encamp just a little way out of
the village.

Here they examined their wagons and carts and the
yokes of their oxen,—

Implements also with which they were furnished for
trades and for farming,—
Stocks of provisions, and medicines too, which were
needful to carry,—
Wearing apparel for Church and for labor, and shoes
for the winter,—
Arms for defense, which were also the implements
needful for hunting,
Seeking to find whether all were in proper condition for
service,—
Whether in starting had any one matters important for-
gotten.

Here too they interchanged final adieus with their
friends and their neighbors
Who had delayed to present them their earnest and last
consolations,—
Wishing them health and success in their dubious peril-
ous journey ;—
None of them making, however, professions of friend-
ship more earnest,
Bidding "God speed" to the Pastor, than Cotton, the
Pastor of Boston.

Some were disposed to insinuate broadly that Cotton
was joyful
Seeing his rival depart to more distant and desolate re-
gions ;—
Also that Hooker was glad to escape from the eye of
a censor.
These were gratuitous guesses of those without posi-
tive knowledge.

Prudent, they carefully settled the method and order
of marching :
First went pioneer men with their axes and shovels and
crow-bars,
Also with three or four muskets, with suitable powder
and lead-balls,—
Finding or making a way through forests and marshes
and rough hills,—

Rounding the Lakes, and fording or bridging the numerous Rivers,—

Having no guides, but taking direction by compass, like sailors,—

Shooting whatever occasional game they happened to meet with,—

Marking the places where water and fuel and grass were abundant,

Fitting them well for the purpose of transient and peaceful encampment.

Next were the cows and their drivers,—mostly young boys with ambition

Thus to display their ability and their incipient manhood.

Oxen too went with the herd, which were held as a prudent reserve for

Cases of any disaster to those in the regular service.

After these followed the carts and the wagons, right heavily loaded,

Carrying all the provisions, and seeds, and the many utensils,—

Carrying furniture, scanty but wisely selected and precious,—

Carrying women and children, and feeble and invalid old men,—

Each of them drawn by a team of four heavy and tractable oxen,—

All of them driven by men in the vigorous prime of their manhood,—

Driven with patience and skill and the wisdom of veteran sages.

After the wagons was borne in a litter the wife of the Pastor,

Feeble and languishing, but with a cheerfulness due to her strong hope

Calming the fears and inciting the confidence of her companions.

Chiefs were appointed with power to command,
should emergencies need them,
Over each part of the boldly adventurous column of ex-
iles.

Every man had his work and position with prudence
assigned him,
Making his services always conduce to the general wel-
fare.

Over the whole expedition was placed, as a General
commanding,
Hooker, the faithful and active and vigilant pastor and
teacher.

All the arrangements for marching at last were com-
pletely accomplished ;
And on the morrow at sun-rise all were assembled for
worship

There in the circular area bounded by carts and by
wagons,

Promptly obeying the vigorous call of the summoning
conch-shell.

Brief was the service ; the breakfast was eaten ; the or-
der was given

Quickly to form the long column in specified order for
moving,—

Then at the signal go forward in hope of Jehovah's pro-
tection.

Forward they went ; and soon they were moving
through "forest primeval"

Where were the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks"
making, as always,

Music unique and sublime and impressive, but only the
sub-base

Grand in that wonderful Chorus praising the Lord for
his goodness

Which on that morning resounded, and strengthened
the hearts of the Pilgrims.

Loud was the song of the Robin ; and sweet was the
warble of Blue-bird ;

Mellowest flutings of Black-birds were filling the forest
with gladness ;
Masterly Thrush from his perch on the sassafras trees
was excelling
All his companions in melody varied and lively and
charming ;
Bobolink warbled, and reveled in wealth of his musical
diamonds ;
Plain little Sparrow astonished and charmed by his vo-
cal rejoicing ;
Sweetly the notes of the Crow and the Jay in the har-
mony blended ;
Voices of Squirrels exulting in freedom were happily
tuneful ;
Even the frogs in the marshes took part in the joy and
the love-songs ;
And of these minstrels so lively, all lovely with Na-
ture's adorning,
Not the sounds only, but colors were part of the music
inspiring.

Honored its Maker the scarlet delight of the Tana-
ger's plumage ;
Aiding his song too the flames of the Oriole's glory
were flashing ;
Waking the echoes, the chorister, Grackle, was proud
in his purple ;
Duck-of-the-Wood with his beauty enlivened the rivers
and lakelets ;
Cardinal-bird in his cap and his mantle of redness was
shining ;
Lark-of-the-Meadow too added his quota of musical
beauty ;
Yellow-bird glorified also the crown of the blossoming
thistle ;
Wake-up was bright with his colors both many and
lovely commingled :
Indigo-bird in his luster of blueness was clearly unriv-
aled ;

Humming-birds too with all tints of the rain-bow were
flitting in sun-shine.

Slowly but cheerfully moved the train of the jubilant
Pilgrims ;

Catching sometimes inspiration from songs of the wild-
erness warblers,

Loudly they sang as they went, and rejoiced in the
praise of Jehovah.

Onward they went in the shade of the old trees giving
protection,

Or in the openings wide were exposed to the force of
the sun-beams ;—

Fording the streams or else using extemporized dan-
gerous bridges,—

Braving the sands of the uplands,—braving the mud of
the valleys,—

Crossing the marshes on corduroy roads which tested
their patience ;—

Thus they proceeded, but halted for dinner an hour
before mid-day.

Taking three hours for their eating and resting and
feeding their cattle,

Onward they moved in their resolute patience till six
in the evening.

Finding a suitable place for the night, as in yesterday's
camping,

Making a circle of wagons, and placing a Tent at the
center,

There they assembled for service of prayer, for song
and for sermon ;—

Afterwards, sentinels posted, they soon were reposing
in slumber.

Peaceful the night ; and the light of the Moon in her
fullness and glory,

Helped by the magical sound of the Whip-poor-Will's
note, was entrancing.

Rested, and fit for another day's work, they arose in
the morning.

Early the people were moving, many beholding the sunrise;

Filled was the area; joyful, earnest, and solemn the worship;

Then soon spread was the table; and frugal the meal of the morning.

Forward the Emigrant wagons went straightway over the wild waste,

Setting example which myriads of others have carefully followed;

Bright was the day; and the march was at intervals pleasantly varied.

Beautiful wild-flowers sometimes gilded and gladdened the landscape;

Valleys refreshed by streams oft tempted the Pilgrims to linger;

But their time was too precious to waste in luxurious long rests.

Scarcely the pioneers onward had started with vigilant caution

When they perceived with surprise in a thicket directly before them,

Browsing at leisure, some half dozen forms of indigenous red-deer,—

Seeming almost as if sent by the special command of Jehovah

For the support of his People in making their wilderness journey.

Three of them fell by the shots of the hunters, and furnished the table.

Noon-tide resting afforded the requisite time for the cooking;

Bountiful feast then satisfied those who were weary and hungry.

Rested, hopeful, and grateful, promptly they start at the signal;

Afternoon journey was made with success through country more open,

Level, and free from obstructions than what they had previously traversed ;

And, much elated, they came to the place of the evening encampment ;

But a surprise came suddenly then, and disturbed their composure.

One of the Scouts from the front came in haste to relate his adventure,

And to receive from those in authority further instructions.

During the day a black bear had appeared in advance of the hunters ;

And they had followed him briskly in hopes of obtaining a further

Means of supplying the wants of the people while making their hard march.

Several miles they had followed the game when they came upon high ground,

Whence looking forward, they saw with alarm at some distance beyond them

Columns of smoke rising upward as if from some town or encampment.

Leaving the wild beast then to himself, they had cautiously crept through

Swamp and forest till, reaching the top of a hill further onward,

They could plainly perceive in the valley a camp of the Indians.

Some indications they saw that those campers were probably Pequods,

Hostile and dangerous foes to the Colonies founded by white men.

Quickly and silently then they withdrew to their pioneer station,

Sending this comrade back to report the bad news to the Elders.

Soon were assembled in council the dignified band of the chief men,

Hearing the facts and devising a plan in their eminent
prudence

Which should avert in this perilous crisis the threaten-
ing danger.

Various plans were proposed and discussed; but at
length it seemed wisest

Urgent request for assistance to send to their neighbors
at Boston.

One of the young men soon was selected to carry the
message

Written with care, and signed by each man of the Gov-
erning Council.

Vigorous, faithful, and true, and discrete was this
messenger reckoned;—

None more trusted than Theodore Worthington went
with the concourse.

Taking the letter prepared by the Council, and wait-
ing for nothing,

Cheerful, he started alone to accomplish his perilous
mission.

When he was quite out of sight, then the meal of the
evening was taken;

Manifold duties pertaining to camp were neglected no
longer;

Due preparation was made for the Sabbath beginning
at sun-down.

Ere the first star in the twilight appeared, they as-
sembled for worship,—

Praising the Lord for his goodness, and mingling their
prayers for protection,

Craving God's blessing to rest on the messenger lately
departed,—

Asking for wisdom and grace from above to assist their
endeavors,—

Praying for strength to resist in the perilous hour of
temptation.

Words of encouragement happily fell from the lips of
the Elders;

Strong in their faith, they were edified much by the words of the Bible.

Then were they able in calmness to rest through the hours of the dark night,—

Rising, refreshed, ere the sun in the east reappeared in his glory.

Works of necessity done,—catechetical questioning over,—

All were assembled in due time—seated in regular order,—

Ready to hear the instruction, adapted expressly to that time,

Which they expected, not vainly, from Hooker, the vigilant Pastor.

Rev'rently offered at first was a fervent, but short, invocation

While the good people were standing in attitude fit for devotion ;

Then came a Lesson, impressive and grand, from the writings of Moses,

Showing the dealings of God with his People while crossing the Red-sea.

Solemnly then with impressive and tuneful accord rose the voices,

Many and strong, of that earnest and warmly devout congregation

Singing a Psalm of David, the King and the Prophet of Israel.

Prominent there were the voices of two of the beautiful maidens,

Abigail Sumner the elder,—the younger one Talitha Mansfield.

Abigail's brother, too, Lemuel, rivaled his sister in singing ;—

Friend and companion was he to Worthington lately departed.

After the singing the prayer of the Pastor was long and impassioned,—

Pleading for grace and direction, pleading for wisdom
and patience,—

Pleading for blessings adapted to all the needs of the
people.

Then tuned the singers another,—that wonderful psalm
of the Prophet,

Saying "The Lord is my rock and my fortress," "my
horn of salvation."

Afterwards followed the sermon by Hooker, the won-
derful preacher.

Equal to all the demands of the hour, he spoke warm-
ly and wisely,—

Giving advice and encouragement such as was most of
all needed ;

Raising the hopes and allaying the fears of the weak
and despairing,—

Urging to prudence and caution and patience the
stronger and bolder,—

Warmly exhorting to trust in the Lord in performance
of duty,—

Making the forest resound with the tones of his elo-
quent thunder ;—

Bravely he grappled, and solved with success, the great
problem before him.

After the Sermon, and singing again, came the long
benediction.

Viands prepared ere the Sabbath began served the
people for dinner ;

Then one hour was devoted to rest and to grave conver-
sation ;—

Speaking of what seemed weighty and wise in the
words of the Pastor ;—

Asking with unfeigned kindness whether the sick were
improving,—

Querying whether the teams would proceed on their
way in the morning

Or would wait till the messenger sent should return
with assistance,—

What should be done, should his efforts at last be found unavailing.

Sound of the conch-shell signalled the time of the afternoon service ;

Promptly again were the worshipers ranged in the order assigned them,—

Stone, the wise Teacher, taking his turn in the labor of preaching.

Seeking to call the minds of his hearers away from this earth-life,

Brightly he painted the scenes of the promised heavenly glory,—

Pleasures enduring,—so greatly transcending all happiness mundane

As to preclude all reason for halting in choosing between them.

Long were the services,—more than would now meet with ready approval ;—

Great the endurance our fathers displayed in their Sabbath-day “resting” !

Soon disappearing the sun in the west, and thick darkness approaching,

Sentinels posted, and Camp made secure from surprise in the night-time,

Council of Elders convened to decide upon plans for the morrow.

Rain would probably come before morning, hind’ring their progress ;—

Worthington could not possibly make his return before Tuesday ;—

Possible news from the front might indicate danger in moving ;—

Better conditions than usual favored their present encampment ;—

All were agreed that ’twas best, at least for a day, to remain there.

Trusting and hopeful, they went to their rest ; and quiet their slumbers.

Copious rain fell during the night ; and dark was the morning ;
But there came from the front a messenger bringing good tidings ;
Hunters again had approached the place of the Indian Lodges,
And had perceived that the warriors there were already in motion,
Moving to southward, carrying game they had taken in hunting,
Burning their huts, thus making it evident they were departing.

Great the rejoicing these tidings produced in the camp of the white-men ;
Gathered again was the Council of Elders, elated and gladsome,
Ready to act as God in his Providence seemed to be leading.
No reinforcements now were required ; and all of them thought best
Straight to withdraw the request they had sent to their brethren in Boston.
Lemuel Sumner soon was selected to carry the message ;
And before evening he had departed with joyful assurance.

Darkness of morning was followed by brightness and glory at evening ;
Eastward, adorning the sky, was the arch of the beautiful rain-bow ;
Westward the sun unobscured shone brilliant and fair at his setting ;
All in the camp were rejoicing except the two radiant maidens,
Intimate friends they, Abigail Sumner and Talitha Mansfield.
Talitha, early in childhood afflicted, bereft of her parents,

Found an asylum and fostering care in the house of the
Summers;

And in the bliss of a faithful affection she lived with
her true friend.

Rumor was rife that Worthington had for this Tali-
tha Mansfield

More than the common regard of a neighborly casual
friendship;

Hence it was thought that her evident grief at the time
of his absence

Clearly betokened the fact of reciprocal tender emo-
tions.

Abigail Sumner felt anxious of course for the fate of
her brother

Going alone in the dark through the wilderness dismal
and howling,

Traversed by bears and by panthers and wolves, and in-
fested by Indians.

Readily, then, could the maidens sympathize each with
the other;

And, from the wagons a little retired, they mingled
their weeping.

Nothing requiring delay, on the morrow the Emi-
grants journeyed;

But they proceeded with moderate speed, and with cir-
cumspect caution,

Making a limited progress, and camping again before
night-fall.

Here was herbage enough, and water for men and for
cattle;

But there was scarcely a thing to be found for the pur-
pose of fuel.

Hence in the morning they started again without wait-
ing for breakfast,—

Finding ere long an abundance of wood and of water
and forage.

Here they remained till the after-noon sun was already
descending;

Then, going forward, they came to the station selected
for night-camp,
And had made for the day an advance of only a few
miles.

When all affairs of the Camp were arranged, and
when supper was over,
Signal was given for meeting for usual prayer at the
center ;

And with alacrity came all the worshiping people to-
gether.

Praises were mingled with prayers ; and comforting
words were there spoken ;

Fervent petitions were specially offered for messengers
absent,

And for their speedy return to their friends who were
anxiously waiting.

Cordial greetings and mutual blessings came after the
service,

Showing the warmth of the brotherly love that united
the people ;

Then to their rest for the night they retired, and were
buried in slumber.

Brightly the morning had dawned ; and the pilgrims
with confidence cheerful

Made themselves ready for marching, but tarried a lit-
tle for breakfast,

And were yet at the table when into their presence came
Sumner,

Wearied, and haggard, and pale, and looking especially
anxious.

“Why do you thus come alone? and what are the
tidings you bring us?

Why is your countenance sad? and why is Worthington
not here?”

Such were the queries that met him at once as he
stood in confusion

Looking around as if seeking for some one not present
before him.

“Has not, then, Worthington come?” said the messenger, visibly trembling;

“If he has not yet arrived, I can tell you no cause for his absence.

Possibly yet he will come pretty soon, and explain all his movements;—

Now let the Council assemble; and I will report my proceedings.”

Soon were assembled apart all the members composing the Council,

Eager to hear the Report, but embarrassed with grave apprehensions.

Sumner then told them his story in order with careful minuteness.

Starting on Monday, he journeyed till Tuesday late in the evening,—

Finding 'in Boston that Worthington had his men ready for marching.

Having delivered his message, the men were dismissed with great pleasure;

And 'twas arranged to return to the Camp on the following morning.

Sumner remained over night with a former acquaintance in Boston,

Worthington going to stay with a friend of his living at Newtown.

Standing a half-mile out of this Town on the route of the pilgrims,

Forming a prominent land-mark, stood a magnificent Oak-tree.

Here the two men had agreed to meet in the morning at sun-rise;—

Sumner was there at the time; but Worthington made no appearance.

Waiting a little, and thinking his friend by some chance was o'ersleeping,

Sumner went back to inquire at the house of his lodging at Newtown,

And was assured that Worthington promptly had
started in due time,
Saying that he was to keep his appointment strictly at
sun-rise.

Hearing this, Sumner returned to the Tree, where he
waited a long time,
Thinking the other had strayed from the path in the
fog of the morning,
And would come to the Tree after wand'ring a while
in the forest ;
Possibly though, should he come quite late to the road
further onward,
He would proceed to the Camp without waiting to find
his companion.

Reasoning thus, and then carving his name with a knife
on the tree-trunk,
Sumner had left the place sadly, and followed the trail
of the wagons.

This was his story ; and Councilors heard it with
grief and misgivings.
Soon they determined to send a Commission to search
for the absent
Messenger ; and they selected three men the most
trusted and worthy,
Urging them straight to depart, and investigate every-
thing fully,—
Making Report of the facts at the earliest possible mo-
ment.

Less than three hours had elapsed ere the men were
pursuing their journey.

Rumor had recently spread in the Camp that Sumner
was also
Greatly enamored, and seeking the hand of fair Talitha
Mansfield ;—
Hence it appeared that these young men were in verity
rivals,
And that their seeming friendship was only a politic
feigning.

Then there quickly developed a gen'ral and lively suspicion

That the returning lover had murdered his rival companion.

Hindered so long by events of the morning, the Council thought not best

Now to remove the Camp till after partaking of dinner.

That being over, and everything ready as usual for moving,

Forward the caravan went, and made a good after-noon progress.

Nothing occurred on the way that seemed specially worthy of record

Saving that near the place they selected for evening encampment

Sassafras trees were discovered, whose wholesome and delicate fragrance,

New to the people, astonished them all, and was reckoned delightful.

Greatly esteemed for reputed medicinal virtues inherent,

This was the first of American products composing a Cargo

Taken to Europe in one of the ships of commercial adventure.

Friday they followed all day the course of a beautiful river,

Joyfully making their Camp for the night on its flowery margin,—

Joyful, all but the Sumners and generous Talitha Mansfield.

Here they gladly replenished their stock of provisions by fishing;—

Here too one of the rashly adventurous boys in his bathing

Plunged into water too deep, and hardly was rescued from drowning.

Two of the boys, named William and John, were full
of acumen,
Restless, and busy from morning to night in action of
some kind.

Keenly alert, they noticed in passing whatever unusual

Species of tree or shrub or flower the country afforded.
Once they discovered the Benzoin shrub, the favorite

Spice-wood,

Pleasantly fragrant, and reckoned a sovereign specific
for fevers;—

Also they found the Calamus root, now christened the
Sweet-flag;—

And were especially pleased when they met with the
beautiful shining

Winter-green leaves, with the luscious scarlet berries
commingled.

Crossing a swamp, they saw with surprise and hastened to gather

Curious Side-saddle flowers, with their wonderful
pitchers of water,—

Pitchers that rival in graceful design the most elegant
Greek Vase.

Finding one day as they wandered together a plant
they had never

Seen, they laughed at its form; and then, pulling it up,
they examined

Quickly the bulbous root that seemed almost like a
turnip.

Each of them tasting the root, they were pleased at first
with its sweetness;

But ere a minute had passed they began to revise their
opinions!

As on the African plains two sprightly and nimble Gazelles, when

Lion approaches, intending to take one of them for his
dinner,

Suddenly leap simultaneous, bounding away in their
terror,
Leaving the foe far behind, and outstripping the wind
in their flying,
So these venturesome youths, impelled by a common
emotion,
Suddenly start for the point where soonest they might
obtain water,—
Racing superbly, — rivaling famous “swift-footed
Achilles,”—
Reach at same moment the river, and hurl themselves
into the channel!
Filling and rinsing their mouths with water,—repeat-
ing the process
Over and over again,—they finally ventured to test
their
Powers of expression, and tried to set forth their can-
did opinion,
Saying the thing they had tasted exceeded in fiery
venom
Even the most concentrated essence of African Pep-
per!
Never again did they hanker to taste of the Indian
Turnip!
Afterwards, walking together alone, they encoun-
tered a smallish
Animal which to them seemed very much indeed to
resemble
Household cats, those favorite pets so familiar in
England;—
Black with a beautiful stripe of white on his back was
the creature;
But when they came quite near him, they thought his
breath was like garlic;—
Stronger in fact, two to one, did it seem than both
garlic and onions!
When they returned to the Camp, all the people were
visibly troubled,

Saying the boys had brought the breath of the beast
in their clothing!

Going, then, out from the Camp, and washing their
clothing a few times,

Finally they were permitted to enter the presence of
others.

Searching one day for "greens" in a swamp, they
presently saw there,

Thriftily growing, a cabbage-like plant which they
fondly imagined

Finely would serve their purpose for dinner and sup-
per and breakfast;

But when they broke the leaves and the stalk, they
found that the odor

Equaled the breath of the "pussy" they met with be-
fore in the forest!

Walking one day in the woods, they came near to
the nest of a Partridge,

But were persuaded to follow the seemingly poor
wounded bird that

Fluttered away on the ground just a very short dis-
tance before them;

Yet when they thought themselves certainly almost
ready to seize it,

Strangely the wounded and fluttering Partridge ap-
peared to recover,—

Rose in the air with vigorous wings, and with wonder-
ful whirring

Left them astonished, and vanished completely from
sight in the distance!

Pois'nous bane-berry plant they mistook for Sar-
saparilla,

Just as others much older than they have done in
times later;—

Once they were terribly frightened by croaking of
Frogs in the marshes;—

Very excusably so in opinion of people of Wind-
ham;—

Afterwards barely they missed of attacking a ravenous Panther;

And still later they tried to capture a nest full of Hornets!

Boys such as these in following years became vigorous worthy

Ancestors famous of men like valorous General Putnam.

Saturday, crossing the River, and finding but little obstruction,

Forward the Emigrants went, and made more than their usual advancement.

Choosing the site of their Sabbath-day's Camp in a place of convenience,

Early they halted, and made with due care all the proper arrangements.

Sunday the services solemn afforded a fitting occasion

Strongly to urge on the people the duty of Charity,—foremost,—

Chief of the Graces,—that suffereth long,—and that thinketh no evil.

Languid the singing, for some of the heretofore prominent voices.

Silenced by grief, could not venture to mingle at all in the chorus.

Scarcely the afternoon service was done when the sentinel watching

Saw in the distance three men who appeared without doubt to be coming.

Could the Commission have finished their work and their journey so promptly?

Or were the men, in the distance approaching, more probably strangers?

Waiting a while in suspense, the people received the assurance

That the Commissioners were in reality rapidly coming.

Presently then were the Council assembled, and ready to meet them.

Soon they arrived, and proceeded at once to report to the Council.

Starting on Tuesday, they halted in Boston ere daylight on Wednesday;—

Sleeping a little, and making inquiries, proceeded to Newtown,

Finding the house where Worthington slept, and getting responses,—

Then they proceeded to visit the Oak-tree,— prominent land-mark,—

Where they examined the name quite recently carved on the tree-trunk.

Up to this point they found all the facts were as stated by Sumner;

Then with a band of assistants they entered on vigorous searching.

Placing themselves on a radius line from the tree as a center,

Standing at uniform distances one from another of ten feet,

Wheeling to left then, and marching in regular circles concentric,

Scanning each foot of the ground as they passed, they completed the circuit.

Doubling the length of the radius, standing upon it in order.

Wheeling again to the left, they circuited back to their stations.

Thus they proceeded till, half a mile north of the Tree, they discovered

Something exceedingly gruesome and horribly shocking to mention.

There were the bones of a man whom the wolves had but recently eaten,—

Scattered and gnawed, and stripped of the flesh, and some of them broken,—

Frightful to see, and filling each man who beheld them with horror!

Nothing remained of the clothing, not even the scantiest fragment;

But in a neighboring nook was a handkerchief quietly lying,

Showing initials, a T. and a W. marked in the corner,—

Neatly embroidered by hands that were certainly skillful in such work.

Known was the fact that Worthington recently carried a like one;

Hence they concluded the bones were those of the messenger missing,

Who had been killed by the wolves, or murdered and left for their feasting;—

Absence of clothing appeared to sustain this last supposition.

Gath'ring the bones, they carried them quickly and safely to Newtown,

Buried them there, and carefully marked the place of interment.

Then they returned in great sadness, bringing the handkerchief with them.

Greatly disturbed, then the Council straight called the Assembly together,

Gave the Report without change to the people, and showed them the hand-cloth,—

Asking if any had facts to present that would lead to conclusions

Other than those the Commission with sorrow and pain had adopted.

Then arose Talitha Mansfield and said the Commission had wrongly

Based their decision on facts that were not, and could not be, proven;—

Certainly this was not the handkerchief Worthington carried;—

That was a cloth of a different texture entirely from this one;—

Diff'rent the style of the letters that her hands wrought in the corner;—

She had made handkerchiefs similar quite, and just at the same time,

Giving to Worthington one, and the other to Lemuel Sumner;—

If they would only compare this last with the one they had brought back,

Plainly they'd see in the two things not only diff'rence but contrast.

Then they examined the handkerchief carried as usual by Sumner,

Finding it not like the one they had brought from the forest at Newtown.

Great the perplexity then of the people, and much did they wonder

Whether the Worthington bones had been gathered and buried in sadness.

Welcoming earliest rays of the morning, anxiously hopeful,

Every one promptly discharging the duties incumbent upon him,

Early the Colonists waited the usual signal for marching.

Onward they went, and ere night made more than a common day's journey.

Next day, briskly alert, they moved with success even greater;

And on the third they halted in sight of Connecticut River.

Then began murmuring;—many the words of complaint and repining;

"Were we not told the Connecticut Valley was wondrously fertile,—

Grassy and flowery and loamy, and free from all sorts of obstructions,

Ready to yield to the settler abundant returns for his labor?

Now that we've reached it, see what is the real and present condition!

Sandy and barren,—encumbered with trees, and worth nothing for culture!"

So were the people discouraged; and some of them bitterly anxious,

Thought it were better at once to prepare for returning to Boston.

Soon to the ears of the Council were brought these bitter complainings;

But they replied "Not yet have we entered the land that was promised;

Yonder Connecticut River is merely our River of Jordan;

That we must cross; for the beautiful land of our hopes is beyond it."

Here then they rested a while; and some of them, climbing a tall tree,

Viewed from a distance, like Moses of old upon favoring Pisgah,

Broadly extended, the land on the opposite side of the River.

Slaughtering one of the cattle, the people had beef for a few days;

Fish from the River made delicate feasting,—especially salmon; —

Corn was obtained in abundance from some of the visiting Indians.

Comfortable thus in regard to provisions, the people were cheerful,

All but the sorrowing maidens, whose grief found but little abatement.

Worthington probably murdered, and Sumner yet under suspicion,

Darkened their spirits, and left them no relish for any enjoyment.

BOOK II.

Not like the Jordan when Joshua crossed was Connecticut swollen;
But it was deeper than fordable streams, and enormously wider
Than could be spanned by tentative amateur efforts at bridging.

Boats there were none; but soon 'twas determined
a raft to construct there
Large enough safely to carry a wagon across with its loading.

That being finished, the cattle went over the River by swimming;

Then each wagon was carried in safety across on the raft-logs;

And in like manner the people went quietly over the Ferry.

Previous settlers there were but few, and feeble the Hamlet;
Much they rejoiced to see others arrive who would render it stronger.

Gladly they welcomed the Pilgrims, and offered them such entertainment

As their painfully straitened and close circumstances permitted.

Broad was the prairie before them; luxuriant grass was there waving;

Beautiful flowers intermingled, abundant, made lovely the landscape;

And without doubt the country was such as but few had imagined.

Great the rejoicing then that arose; and with hearty thanksgiving

Quickly the people spontaneous met in assembly for worship,

Praising the Lord in their prayers and their songs for his wonderful goodness.

Then they rested; and sweet was their slumber after their journey.

Next day the Council surveyed the position, and made an assignment

Proper and just of land to the families taken in order; And in this those who had earlier located there were included,—

Each one receiving two acres of Company land for his homestead,—

Land that was purchased from Indian owners expelled by the Pequods.

Then each man repaired to his homestead with oxen and wagon.

First in the order of work was the plowing and planting of gardens,—

Making provision as far as they might for the coming of Winter;—

Next they constructed slight booths that might serve for shade and for shelter;

Then they proceeded to build themselves houses in which they might tarry

During the rigorous cold of the terrible season approaching.

Pushing this work, they labored in several regular sections;

Five men, giving their strength and their teams, built easily one house,

Then constructed another, and others in rapid succession,

Till they had finished a house for each man of the laboring section.

All then united to build what should serve for a Church and a school-house.

Great was the work; for the timber was cut in the far distant forest,—

Hewn with the ax, or split with wooden beetle and wedges,—

Drawn from the woods by oxen slow to the place of each building,—

Then put together in rough, and fastened with cumbersome tree-nails.

Scant was material for building; great ingenuity therefore

Helped the new-comers in use of numerous primitive methods.

Walls were made of hewn logs, and sometimes logs without hewing;

Even turf in some cases supplied the deficit of lumber

Wooden latches and hinges were almost the only ones used there;

Long coarse grass and wild reeds were often convenient for thatching;

Mortar untempered was also hastily dug from the clay-beds;—

Not for the laying of brick and of stone, but for plastering side-walls,—

Stopping of holes, and filling the chinks of the crooked and rough logs.

Shingles were largely prepared from the primitive timber by using

Cross-cut saw, and the ax, and the beetle, the fro, and the draw-knife;

Thongs from the untanned skins of the animals killed in their hunting

Served for other and various family use, and for latch-strings.

Windows of glass were a later and costly convenience of Hartford.

Wells were not dug; but they welcomed the water obtained from the River.

Late in the Fall the Church was complete, and ready for using.

Solemn the service, and simple the rites of the Church
dedication;

But at the close the Pastor requested the people to
tarry

While they should hear a strange and very surprising
announcement.

Then he related that one of the neighboring people
of Windsor,

Visiting him had identified fully the handkerchief
brought back

By the Commissioners when they returned from the
forest at Newtown.

This man, Taylor by name, and formerly living at
Plymouth,

Said that the handkerchief surely belonged to one
Timothy Winthrop;—

That the initials set in the corner were wrought by his
sister;—

That he had seen them while she was doing them, and
at her dictate

He had presented the handkerchief, when it was fin-
ished, to Winthrop;—

That at the end of May this Winthrop had visited
Newtown,

But had never returned, and that people supposed he
was murdered.

Taylor then rose and confirmed to the people what
Hooker had stated,

Making request that the handkerchief should be sent
to his sister.

All were agreed that this should be done; and soon
by returning

Vessel the article went on its sorrowful journey to
Plymouth.

Now the Commission admitted that probably they
were mistaken

Thinking that Worthington's bones were found in the
forest at Newtown;

And they remembered that, being in haste, they neglected to measure

Such of the bones as would show the stature of him they belonged to.

Hence they determined again to go back and investigate further,

And the visiting neighbor from Windsor agreed to go with them.

Worthington, tall and athletic, stood six feet two in his stockings;

Winthrop, however, as Taylor averred, was half a foot shorter.

When they had measured the bones, they found them fully agreeing

With the stature of Winthrop, but not with that of the other.

Hence, then, at last it was certainly known that Worthington's relics

Thus far had not been found; and the mystery seemed to grow deeper.

Taylor then, taking the bones, conveyed them safely to Plymouth,

Where they were buried by friends in the place of their permanent resting.

Having completed this work, the Commissioners turned their steps homeward,

Carefully searching the route for remains, but finding no traces.

Faintly glimmering hope survived in the hearts of the maidens;

But the mass of the people believed that never would any

Tidings be heard of the man who had suddenly vanished so strangely.

Following custom, the people at first called their settlement New-town,—

Naming it after the town from which they had lately departed.

Soon, however, they found themselves weary of this
appellation;
And as Cotton was specially honored in naming of
Boston,
So they determined to honor their well-beloved dili-
gent Teacher,
Samuel Stone, who had come from the beautiful Hart-
ford in England.
Fittingly, then, they called their beautiful settlement
Hartford.

Planting was late, and small in amount; but the
soil, being fertile,
Yielded enough to prevent all fear of approaching
starvation.

Not then, as later, was maize the principal crop of
the farmer;
But for roasting or boiling while yet it was tender and
unripe,
And for the making with green beans Succotash dur-
ing the autumn,
"Indian Corn" was in favor, and thought to be fitted
for gardens.

This, then, they gathered, and boiled, and dried by the
fire-side, and stored up,
Though for the corn to be ripened the time was by
many weeks too short.

Chiefly, however, for grain they were fain to rely up-
on Buck-wheat,
Which had easily come to maturity during October.
This, when harvested, thrashed with the flail on the
smooth level bare ground,
Winnowed in North-wind, pounded in mortars, and
sifted with patience,
Furnished a flour from which they had food both pleas-
ant and wholesome.

Wheat and Rye were sown in the hope of a harvest
for next year.

Not to the use of Potatoes were people of that time accustomed ;

But they had Turnips and Beets and Cabbage and Squashes and Pumpkins

Added to Melons and Radishes, Peas, and Beans in abundance,—

All of which grew and were gathered before the end of the season.

Sage, Coriander, and Caraway, Dill, and Fennel were planted,

Chiefly to serve as reminders of England, but also for Spices ;

And a few Marygolds, Pansies, and Blue-bells, served to embellish

Patches of ground that were afterwards carefully closed in as door-yards.

Coffee and Tea were yet unknown to these primitive settlers :

But they sometimes used a decoction of Sage, or of other

Herbs aromatic, and often of Sassafras-root for their drinking.

Also they largely made use of a home-made fermented small-beer

Brewed from roots and plants that were thought to be wholesome and healing.

Sometimes meat was by hunting and fishing by colonists gathered ;

Yet was oftener game from the Indians by Colonists purchased.

Industry almost incredible left no time for amusements.

Harvests were carefully gathered, and fuel prepared for the winter,

Only a few improvident ones neglecting the wood-pile.

Then they appointed a day of rejoicing, of grateful Thanksgiving

For the numerous manifest tokens of Heavenly favor
Which had pursued them from first to last in their
wilderness sojourn.

Early assembled, they worshiped with zeal that was
earnest and heart-felt,

Humble and penitent, praising the Lord for his wonderful goodness.

Hooker set forth in his eloquent words their temporal blessings,—

Dwelling with emphasis much on the quieting joyful prospect

That from painful journeyings now they were finally resting,—

Noting the wonderful contrast, strange and lamentably solemn,

When their lot was compared with the terrible fate of their neighbors,

Dorchester Company, largely their friends and familiar acquaintance,

Equal or greater in numbers than theirs, and great in resources,

Who in the previous year had attempted to settle at Windsor.

Trusting their goods to the treacherous round-about transit by water,

All had been wrecked, and, having been forced to return in the winter,

Many had lost their lives by fatigue, and by cold and starvation.

Also their cattle had died of neglect in the pitiless season.

Stone with eloquence equal, recalled to the minds of his hearers

What and how great were the Spiritual blessings with which they were favored,—

Making Soul-liberty chief of the boons which their God had vouchsafed them,—

That superlative good for which they had fled from
their old homes,
And had endured the manifold toils and privations
and dangers
Of their removal from far-away lovely and beautiful
England.

Earnest the songs of praise sent upward from numerous voices,—
Fervent the prayers that ascended for constant Divine
benefaction,—
Not of themselves alone, but mindful of him who was
absent.

After the service, repairing direct to their several
homesteads,
Feasts they enjoyed that were spread with a rustic
but generous bounty;
And to these feasts in most cases some genial guests
were invited.
Yet they discovered that to their happiness something
was wanting.
Frosty the weather; and near was the joyful season of
Christmas;
Yet great sadness and gloom was every countenance
wearing,
Caused by uncertainty, dread, and dismal foreboding
of evil.

Indian murders excited alarm; and Worthington's absence
Haunted them daily, and pressed down their souls
with perpetual sorrow.

Soon were they doomed to another surprise that
was sudden, and greater
Far than any preceding, and filled every person with
wonder:
During a session of Council the door was hastily
opened;—
Entered a man; and there was Worthington standing
before them!

After the first salutation, and bidding a cordial welcome,

Straight the Councilors hastened to formulate numerous questions:

Whence had the Messenger come? and why so late in his coming?

From a most irksome and painful captivity with the wild Indians

Lately escaping, and traversing many a league of the pathless

Wilderness, weary, but thankful, he said he had come to their presence.

If on the morrow the long-waiting people would all come together,

He would endeavor to tell them his story of perigrinations.

Then he repaired to the home of his friends, the house of the Sumners;

And the Councilors hastened to scatter the glad information.

Next day the people assembled immediately after their dinner;

And when all had taken his hand in their joyous greeting,

Worthington told them how he had made his sorrowful journey:

“On that beautiful morning in June, near the Oak tree in Newtown

Where I had purposed to keep an appointment at sunrise with Sumner,

Suddenly rushed from a thicket, near which I was thoughtlessly passing,

Five grim Canada Indians, armed to the teeth, and all ready

Either to fight or to perpetrate murder, if aught should provoke them.

Seeing it perfectly useless, I made no show of resistance.

Soon they had seized me,—had taken my knife and my pistol, and bound me.

Three of them started at once with their prisoner, intending to lead him
Far to the North to their homes in the desolate land of the Frenchman;

And the others returned to the place of their skulking and hiding.

One of them marched at my right, and one at my left on the journey,

While the remaining one, vigilant, followed on closely behind me,

Each of them holding a stout thong fastened securely about me.

Camping at night, I was stretched on the ground, and my hands and my feet tied

Either to trees in the forest, or stakes driven down in the clear land.

Food rather scant was obtained every day by the hunt or by fishing;

And for this purpose one of the men was detached with due caution

Late in the afternoon while others rested in Camp for some two hours.

On his return the game was soon parted and roasted and eaten;

Then we proceeded while vestige remained of the favoring day-light,—

Stopping at last for the night in most secret and quiet recesses,

And in the morning proceeding again a long time before sun-rise.

I was allowed to partake of the remnants when Indians had feasted,

Making up fires, and cooking myself the small portion assigned me.

Swamps and thickets avoiding, we merely went northward the first day;

But on the second we found a small stream that flowed
in a straight course

Almost exactly the way we were going, as set by a
compass.

This then we followed to where it was emptied into a
large stream

Coming from westward, and flowing serenely to land
of the morning.

We then, turning to westward, ascended the river a
whole day.

Then at its bend we turned again to the northward as
usual;

Four days then we ascended the stream, but then
turned to the north-west

Up the rough valley of one of its branches on-pushing
for one day.

Crossing a ridge, we then came to a beautiful river
from north-east;

Upward the valley of this we ascended with weariness
nine days;

Then with much labor surmounting a ridge, we came
to a small stream

Winding its sinuous course through valleys and for-
ests all gloomy.

Following this for a week, we came near to the City
and strong-hold

Known as Quebec, and controlling the wonderful Riv-
er St. Lawrence.

Quickly we crossed the big River, and reached the
tents of my captors.

After a rest of two days from the tedious and wearis-
ome journey

Men of the Tribe were assembled; and I was pre-
sented before them.

No conversation was possible; for they knew nothing
of English;

And in their Indian language in turn I was equally un-
skilled.

Being then satisfied fully at last with their curious looking,

They in grim silence retired with slow pace to their various wigwams.

I was then set to my menial tasks, and required to bring water,—

Fuel to cut in the forest, and bring to the lodge in abundance,—

Animals killed by the hunters to bring to the Camp, and prepare them

For the use of the Squaws in their vile aboriginal cooking.

After a while I was taken for show in the streets of the City;

And I suppose I was offered for sale to fantastical Frenchmen.

Still I remained, however, with worse than barbarous Indians;

But I was somewhat relieved in my sad and pitiful bondage

By the discovery that these savages also were holding

Near me another poor Englishman groaning in similar thralldom.

Shortly I met and conversed with the man, and had learned all his story,

Which is too long and too sad for my present so hasty narration.

Grieved I was to perceive that his health was incurably broken,

And that the grave would shortly afford him a coveted refuge.

Name of my new acquaintance I found to be Samuel Reyburn,—

Genial man of some learning was he; and much had he traveled;

Short time then was sufficient to render us intimate close friends.

Once he had made with the hunters a journey far to
to the north-east,
Searching three months for the furs of the Ermine, Ot-
ter, and Beaver ;
And in this jaunt he had stumbled by chance upon ar-
ticles hidden
Long before in a hollow tree large, which had recently
blown down.

One of these things was a package containing a Man-
uscript, large and
Well preserved, but written in language that was not
familiar.

Thinking it likely to be of some value, this work he had
brought back,—

And now, fearing he never would come again to his
birth-land,

Gave this Treasure to me, and requested that I should
endeavor

Something to learn of its nature and purport, and
what was its value.

Few were the weeks that elapsed after this till he left
me lamenting,

And to the land of the blessed escaped from the hands
of the Indians.

More than ever confinement was irksome to me in
his absence ;

And one day, while the Indians were gone to the chase
of the great Moose,

And the Squaws were absorbed in their business of
washing and cooking,

Quietly moving away to the place where I had con-
cealed them,

Taking the Package, a gun, some powder, and some
other few things,

Straight to the River I went, where I found some ca-
noes made of birch-bark,

And, seizing one, I was over and off before any sus-
pected.

Dismal and long was my route of return ; and greatly
I suffered,
Fearing the foe, and worn down by fatigue, and by
hunger and thirsting,
Dreading to find that all my friends here had been
captured or murdered,—
Sometimes terrified during the night by the howling of
wild beasts,
Scorched by the withering heat of the unclouded sun in
the daytime,
Stiffened by sharp cutting winds and the pestilent
frost in the night time,
Anxious and doubtful concerning the route in the nu-
merous dark days,—
Yet was I strengthened and cheered by the hope of be-
holding these kind friends,
And of renewing that intercourse, friendly, and pleas-
ant, and social,
Which I valued so highly before my horrible bond-
age.

Leaving the River majestic which passes Quebec, I
ascended
First the Valley Chaudiere, and, crossing a lofty and
rough ridge,
Came to the head of the same little fishing stream flow-
ing to south-west
Which the Indians had followed in making their vil-
lainous home-run.
This I descended, and followed it far in its sinuous
long course
Till it became by degrees a broad River, majestic and
placid.

After a while, however, the Valley grew slender and
rock-bound ;
And the great River was forced through a channel sur-
prisingly deep-worn,
And so narrow that seemingly one might jump quite
across it.

Having in fury escaped from the gorge, the River
soon broadens,
And becomes slow and majestic again in its dignified
on-flow.

Downward I followed it till I encountered one morn-
ing a white man ;
And from him I discovered that this was Connecti-
cut River.

He was from Windsor, and gave me some tidings of
people at Hartford ;

Then with new courage I hurried along to the colony
Windsor,—

Tarried a little, was feasted, and rested one joyful night
there,—

Then in the morning proceeding in haste, I have safely
arrived here

Thankful to God for His wonderful care and protection
vouchsafed me.”

Eagerly listened the people to Worthington’s elo-
quent story.

Then the delighted assembly lifted their voices in con-
cert

In the Doxology, singing their “Praise God” loudly
with unction.

Presently then some Elder proposed another Thanks-
giving ;

And the rising vote was unanimous for the proposal.

Then was selected a suitable day for the jubilant pur-
pose ;

And to Sumner were tendered apologies for the
suspensions

Some had unjustly indulged of his spotless and inno-
cent honor.

Second Thanksgiving substantially followed the plan
of the other,—

Differing much in the details,—copying closely the
outlines.

Worthington's safety the thing for which they were specially grateful,—

Seeing him present roused in their hearts a more resolute courage.

After the service the Pastor requested the people's attention

While he should publish a brief, but very important, announcement.

Then he read the duly declared intention of marriage Of Mister Theodore Worthington and Miss Abigail Sumner,—

Also of Lemuel Sumner and Spinster Talitha Mansfield!

Doubly astonished, the people received the announcement with pleasure,

And in it found of a mystery great a most perfect solution!

New Year's Day was approaching, and previous ample arrangement

Made it convenient to set the duplicate marriage for that day.

Thoughtful minds of the people now anxiously turned to their children.

Months of the Winter were all they could have for pursuing their studies;

For in the others their strength was demanded by various labor.

Soon 'twas resolved to establish a School for their careful instruction;

And for the Teacher they readily chose, with excellent judgment,

Worthington, who was well known as a diligent Classical Scholar;—

Building designed both for Church and for School served every requirement;

And the young people, ambitious to learn, made rapid advancement.

Also a School for Singing was thought to be urgently needed ;

And as a competent Teacher for this they chose Lemuel Sumner.

Busy as bees were the people pursuing their various callings,

Yet they never neglected the calls of their blessed Religion,

And in their simplified worship were constant and faithful and zealous.

Not merely this, but every one reckoned his calling as one part

Making with others the sum of the service required by Divine Law.

Present the New Year, people assembled in Church in the morning,—

Listened to Sermon befitting the joyously festive occasion ;—

Then an Epithalamium greeted the Brides and the Grooms there,

After which, taking their places directly in front of the Pastor,

Joining their hands, and pledging their faith in a most solemn Contract,

Each of the pairs became Husband and Wife amid congratulations.

Afterwards, such as the time and the place were uniquely affording,

Spread was a feast for their friends in the now happy home of the Sumners.

Later two centuries Worthington Hooker was famed as a Scholar,

Noted among the sons of Connecticut for his attainments ;

Also was Sumner a name of renown among sons of New England.

Bostonites thought they were likely to prosper and flourish immensely

Since for their clothing they'd excellent "Cotton"
abundant imported,
And for their fishing a dexterous "Hooker" brought
over from home-land;
Also for building they'd plenty of "Stone" of fine
quality reckoned;
But they saw two-thirds of these great advantages
leave them
In behoof of a Town in the distant Connecticut Val-
ley!

This was unpleasant; and many resented the dras-
tic secession.
Prompt Massachusetts made haste to assert her right-
ful dominion
Over the Valley to which her people were rapidly
fleeing;
And to govern the Colonies there she sent out a Com-
mission;
But her authority was not acknowledged; Commission
was slighted;
Soon she abandoned the scheme; and the people were
left to pursue their
Separate course as they chose without danger of her
molestation.

Nevertheless there remained some envy and emulous
ill will
Which was displayed in sarcastic remarks, and in fatu-
ous falsehoods
Tending to bring discredit upon the new region, and
hinder
Immigrants seeking a home from repairing directly
to that land.
"Rash and hot-headed, they'd rushed into war with
the powerful Indians,
And if not rescued by those from the Bay, had been
utterly ruined;"—
"All of their cattle were actually dead, or in dying
condition;"—

"Land was so bad that they nothing could raise to keep from starvation;"—

"Hooker was visibly tired and sick of his present position;"—

"If they knew where they might go, they'd quickly abandon the station."

Such were the statements concerning the men of Connecticut Valley;

Yet in the Spring there came to the Colonies many accessions,—

People of means, and congenial tastes, who were cordially welcomed.

One of the settlers at Windsor requires to be specially mentioned

For his remarkable service in arms, and also in other

Spheres of exertion and care for the juvenile Colony's welfare:

This was the vigorous brave Captain Mason, or rather the Major,—

Thus to distinguish this man from another one bearing the same name

Prominent in the Colonial affairs of rugged New Hampshire,—

Said to be also a distant relation of Mason of Windsor. Trained, as Miles Standish, to soldier's profession in Flanders,

He was employed for a time to construct the defenses of Boston;

But he perceived the advantages great of Connecticut Valley.

Bold and courageous, a man of affairs, and for enterprise ready,

Broad in his views, and gifted with great intellectual powers,—

Born for a leader, and laboring much for Community's welfare,

Great was the honor in which he was held ; and much was he valued.

Many high Offices filled with success gave him great reputation,—

Judge of the Court, and often as Deputy Governor serving,—

Also commanding the troops, and sent on Embassies weighty.

Pillars of Church and of Colony too were Ex-Governor John Haynes,—

(Last year Governor over the Colony they had removed from),

Still in the future too yet to be Governor where they were living,—

And the good brother and Elder, revered for his worth, William Goodwin.

In the allotment of land to the several settlers who first came

These two men, with the Pastor, and Teacher, got each his two acres

Close by the others, and bounded by little Mill River on south side.

Here these wholly congenial spirits were locally well grouped ;

And they were often consulting together concerning the best things

For the Community they were endeavoring there to establish.

Others, however, like minded, and equally constant and faithful,

Occupied other positions, and they too oft were consulted.

Found among these were Talcott, and Wyllys, and Stanley, and Whiting,

Dennison, Webster, and Lord, and Wadsworth, and Stanton, and Hopkins,—

Bacon, and Webb, and Olmsted, and Bull, and Westwood, and Wakeman,—

Chaplin, and Steele, and Burchwood, and Richards,
and Moody, and Lyman,—

Men of repute; and some of them later were Govern-
ors chosen.

Westward a mountain as monument stands of Govern-
or Talcott.

Much they considered the great and imminent danger
from Pequods;

And they induced the Council to order the speedy en-
rolment,

Arming completely, and drilling, of all the men able
to bear arms.

This, then, claimed a share of available time through
the winter.

Perilous times were upon them; and great was the
need of wise prudence.

Cautiously guarding their homes as they could, they
kept sentinels posted

During the night at several points to watch the ap-
proaches

Lest some treacherous foe should attempt to creep
in and surprise them.

Not only present and threatening danger was care-
fully noted,

But these Colonists studied the principles forming
the basis,

Just and equable, for the construction of Government
Civil.

Hooker declared the Source of Authority must be the
People;—

That 'twas their right their Rulers to choose, and
Laws to establish

Which should direct the Rulers in all their endeavors
to govern!

This was the germ of Liberty's seed, which has
sprouted and grown so

As to o'ershadow American soil from Ocean to Ocean!

Eagerly was the new doctrine received by the Pastor's associates ;

And it was used as the chief corner-stone of the State which they founded.

Not as severe was the Winter as was the terrible last one,

Yet was the River completely bridged over ere Christmas with thick ice ;

And the whole region was covered with snow to the depth of near two feet.

Was the snow beautiful? That will depend upon what was the view-point!

One who relied upon milk of his cows for support of his children,

And upon what could be found in the field and the forest for fodder,

Keeping his fire with limbs that had fallen from wind-shaken old trees,

Wearing not boots, but protecting his feet with the relics of low shoes,—

Made by the drifts in front of his door a prisoner anxious,—

Found the snow anything else but beautiful in its appearance!

But his more fortunate neighbor, having a team of stout oxen,

Furnished with boots for his comfort, and having a sled for wood-hauling,

Having provisions in goodly supply, and some feed for his cattle,

Noting the broad and level expanse of the bright-shining meadows,

Noting the curious forms of the drifts with symmetrical whorlings,—

Noting diversified regular forms of the wonderful snow-flake,—

Calling to mind the protection afforded to wheat and to rye crops,

Reckoned the "beautiful snow" of the winter a positive blessing!

Horses and sleighs were not then the delight of the youths and the maidens,
But were reserved for more prosperous days of the radiant future.

Invalid wife of the Pastor, brought in a litter from Newtown,
Happily gained relief from disease, and almost recovered

Soundness of health, so that long she survived her laborious husband.

Cheerful in spirit, and confident too, she was happily helpful,

Bringing new courage to hearts of her friends when times were depressing.

Early in Spring the River broke up; and the ice in great masses
Floated to sea, or was thrown on the banks, which it cumbered a long time.

Great was the flood; and the meadows were very extensively covered,
Gaining fertility at the expense of a great inconvenience.

After the flood the season of fishing began to approach, when
Colonists hoped to lay in a supply that would last them the year through.

Salmon then came to the River; and excellent Shad were abundant;

Also the Herring in number outrivalled the stars in the heavens.

Perch, and Scuppaug, and Flat-fish, and Bass, and Black-fish, and Lampreys,

All were expected to swarm in the River during their season;

Other kinds too would remain in the water the whole of the year round, ' —

Making supply for the wants of the people of every condition ;

But the attention of all was rudely diverted from fishing !

Terrible news from the Colony Wethersfield brought consternation :

Nine persons there had been murdered by savage and merciless Indians ;

Also two others were seized, and into captivity carried !

Thus at their very doors, it seemed, was the enemy knocking !

BOOK III.

Worthington's term as Teacher expired at the end
of the March month;

Then, finding leisure, he turned to the Manuscript
Package he brought back

From the land of the savage, the land of fantastical
Frenchmen.

This he soon found to be written quite fairly in Latin
provincial,—

Written, it seems, by a Scotchman whose family name
was Mac Fusson.

Difficult task it was found to discover exactly the
meaning

Borne by some passages couched in a strange and bar-
barous idiom;

But with patience enough, and with critical labor abun-
dant,

Came there at last a sufficiently perfect and useful
Translation.

Then were assembled almost the whole of the peo-
ple to hear one

Read the production distinctly with powerful reson-
ant clear voice,

Adding sometimes a few words to explain some dif-
ficult passage,

Or to express some natural feeling of pity or wonder.

This is the Version, preserved with much care in a
private Thesaurus:

“When I had wandered abroad among strangers,
like ancient Abaris,

(Not being able, like him, to fly upon wings of an ar-
row),

And had come to the unfertile land of the copper-hued
heathen,—

While I sojourned in the Fortress Quebec, engaged in
the Fur-Trade,

Indians often came in with their wares from the far distant regions,
Varying much in their color and forms and manners and language,
And in character, too, as I frequently found in my dealings.

One day came to the market a group that were very much lighter
Than the others,—so much as to draw to themselves some attention;
And I observed that their language appeared to be very peculiar.
Words were often unlike; and also their modes of expression
Differed from those that were used by the other and differently hued Tribes.

Buying their Furs, I formed with these men some little acquaintance,—
Learning that they had come from a region far to the north-east;
And the next year I recognized them among others returning.

Buying again the Furs they had brought, I made many inquiries
Touching their Tribe, and the far distant place of their hunting and dwelling.

These they answered so well that I was resolved to go with them
On their return, and explore a region not traversed by white men.

They were much pleased when this I proposed; and when they were ready,
I became one of the party, marching and camping as they did.

Taking the same direction, we went for some days near the River.
After a while, however, the River bore off to the south-east,

While we still continued our marching directly to north-east.

Twenty-six days on the Trail which the Indians marked in their coming

Brought us at last to a Lake where the Tribe was quietly camping.

Welcomed with rough but sincere hospitality, I was much honored,—

Kindly received, and presented with trinkets in every wigwam,

And more especially that of the old and ven'erable Sachem.

Soon they constructed a lodge for my use while I should remain there;

And I was presently duly installed in a regular teepee.

Then I went with the men in laborious hunting and fishing

Till I had mastered the craft, and become a good hunter and fisher;

But I was mainly desirous of thoroughly learning the language

Used by these people, in order to make it a means of obtaining

Some information concerning their origin, arts, and traditions.

Therefore I studied the language minutely, and labored with great care

Till I could speak it correctly, and also could easily write it,

Though the people themselves knew nothing of reading and writing.

Finding the speech of these Indians to differ from that of the others

Nearly as much as in color and features and habits they differed,

I was persuaded that they must have had a different prime stock.

Making inquiries, then, I was told that their ancestors
had come
Ages ago from a far distant land over sea to the east-
ward,
While the copper-hued Indians claimed their fathers
had journeyed
From a remote and indefinite opposite region to west-
ward.

I was also informed that the ancient Tribal Tradi-
tions
Were in the care of those chosen for that particular
purpose,
And that the oldest and wisest of these was their
ven'erable Sachem.
Thereupon straight I repaired to his lodge, and re-
quested as favor
That of the ancient home of his Tribe he would tell me
the story;
And he suggested a suitable day for his careful nar-
ration.
Promptly I went to the home of the Chief on the
morning appointed
Where he was soon relating in order these wonderful
Legends:—

'Ancient the time when the Fathers remote of this
peaceable White Tribe
Were the last to escape from the vanishing shores of
Latuna
Sunken and whelmed in the ravening boisterous waves
of the Ocean.

Great was the Island Latuna,—forty days journey
across it,—
Mostly a level and beautiful land, and extremely pro-
ductive,—
Having a range of rather low mountains, not far from
the west coast,—
Reaching from northern cool clime to the warm and
malarial south part.

Spreading out eastward in beautiful alternate prairies
and wood-lands,—
Favored with lakes, and traversed by Rivers in every
direction,—
Fertile extremely, and always producing most bounti-
ful harvests,—
Seemingly favored more highly than other terrestrial
regions,—
Fit was the Country to nourish a great and superior
People.
Such was the People that dwelt in the land, and that
prospered there largely.
Having subdued the wild beasts of the forests; and
serpents of swamp-lands,—
Hunting sometimes in the wilds, and sometimes busied
in fishing,
Much more often they tended their herds and their
flocks in the pastures,—
Planted their various crops in the fields, and gathered
their harvests,—
Made themselves homes in the country, and builded
their numerous cities,—
Never indulging in contests and furious strifes with
their neighbors,—
Never engaging in war except to repel an invasion,—
Studying various Arts, and enlarging the sphere of
their knowledge,—
Worshipping very devoutly the great and powerful Sun-
God
For whose honor they many and beautiful Temples
erected,—
Sometimes, sending Ambassadors, forming alliance
with nations
Far to the East o'er the barrier wide of the flood in-
tervening,—
Also receiving those that were sent in return by their
far friends.

Justice was reckoned the chief of the Virtues, and so
they were anxious
Always to know and to do all that Justice was truly
demanding.

Greatly revered was Mores, the wise and benevolent
Elder,
Who, as Judge, had rendered the people remarkable
service.

Him they requested to write them a System of Laws
for their guidance.

This he accomplished, and made them a System of
permanent value
Which was received by the people at large with unan-
imous favor.

Living in peace, and obeying the Laws in a cheerful
contentment,
Greatly they prospered, increasing immensely in wealth
and in numbers,—

Living so long as to have it reported that they were
immortals!

Average length of their lives was a hundred years at
the lowest;

And sometimes a life of two hundred years was com-
pleted.

Rare was the need of Physicians with people so
generally healthy;
Yet at times was their service required; and then it was
ready.

Priests of the Sun-God all were expert in curing dis-
eases,—

Magos, the Seer, more especially famous than others
reported.

Much were his services sought by the people who
came from the out-lands;
Many he cured of their troublesome chronic and painful
disorders,—

One of these being the son of a King who reigned in the
Orient.

This Prince offered the healer magnificent honor and riches,

If he would go with him to his patrial Kingdom and live there;

But this offer so tempting, like many and similar others,

Was not enough to allure the Augur away from his birth-land.

Largely in Commerce the people were busied; and in their exchanges

Copper and Silver and Gold were used to facilitate trading,

Every merchant carrying Scales for weighing these metals;—

But the method was clumsy at best; and so they invented

Other and easier means to accomplish their laudable purpose.

Choosing a man of integrity proved, of skill and discretion,

Him they employed to reduce to a uniform standard of fineness

All of these metals, and then to make regular pieces convenient,

Stamping each piece to indicate fineness and weight, but not value,—

Shunning in this the blunder of fools of some periods later

Trying to make the Coiner's stamp to certify value!

These pieces then when used in exchange only had to be counted,—

Saving the trouble of weighing as well as some other vexation.

Houses for shelter and decent repose were constructed from timber,—

Also from brick and from stone when better were thought to be needed.

Well were they clad in garments of cloth made from wool and from flax-plant.

Upward a plaid was worn over the tunic in manner of Scotchmen ;—

Downward, with pantaloons covered, they followed the style of the Frenchman ;—

Then, enveloping all in the season of cold, was a mantle. Cov'ring the head they had season-caps ; and for their feet they had sandals.

White were the people ; their features were fine, and especially pleasing ;

And, in the cheeks of the beautiful, roses and lilies were blended.

Eyes were frequently brown, but oftener blue in their color ;

Sometimes too were they black, or gray, but of lively expression ;—

Hair was in general redish or brown, or flaxen, or golden,—

Black in some cases, but gray or white of course in the aged.

People at large chose Rulers to manage all matters communal,—

Setting forth rules for their guidance in all their endeavors to govern.

Rulers of Dekads, Rulers of Hektads, Chiliads also ;—
These were chosen to serve for one-year periods only ;—

Rulers of Myriads and Rulers of Cities were chosen for two years ;—

War was detested ; but yet for defense they made ample provision,—

Army consisting of all the men able for regular service.

Implements used in husbandry, hunting, and fishing, and mine work,

And in the crafts of the Carpenter, Black-smith, Mason, and Woodman,

All were employed as weapons of war when necessity ordered.

Officers chosen for public affairs were Commanders in war-time,—

Ranking as if they were chosen at first for the War service only.

Careful and regular drilling was had in all martial maneuvers,

So that all might be fitted and ready for action in concert.

Dealing in Justice with all of the various Nations around them,

Seldom were any disposed to intrude upon them or attack them;

But when Homber, Alphetus, and Meno were heads of the Nation,

Thousands of pirates and robbers in ships were infesting the ocean;

And they determined to make an attack on the peace-loving people.

While they were yet far off on the wave their plan was discovered;

And the whole Army was soon in the field, and prepared to receive them.

Numbers were hidden in ambush each side of the place of the landing,

As the main body was set in array on the plain just before it.

While the invaders were coming to land they skirmished with arrows;

But when the robber-fiends leaped from the boats, and rushed on to attack them,

Soldiers retired with all speed to the favoring highlands behind them.

Then about facing and forming the line, they stood waiting and ready;

But the marauders spread over the plain, and were pillaging homesteads.

Then those in ambush made haste to attack and set
fire to the Vessels,—
Pushing them off from the land, and cutting them loose
from their moorings.
Quickly the crackling flames rose aloft; and black were
the smoke-clouds
Which the terrified robbers now saw to their utter con-
fusion.
Straight they relinquished the booty they'd taken, and
fled to the landing
Followed by soldiers who rushed from the hills, and,
charging them sharply,
Slew them with weapons, or hurried them desperate
into the Ocean.
Some who surrendered were treated humanely, and
finally went back
Each to his home in the country or region from which
he had started.
Trading by sea, the lands of the Scot and the Gaul
they frequented,
Bringing the products of Loom and of Forge for the
Grain they exported.
Pictures and Statues were also brought back in their
numerous cargoes,
As were the riches of mines of Silver, of Gold, and of
Diamonds.
Commerce of wine or strong drink was never allowed
in the market;
And no drunkenness ever disgraced and destroyed the
people.
Much they glorified learning and arts, and valued in-
struction;
And the proficients in Music, as well as the Poets, were
welcomed;—
Orators too were held in esteem, and accorded prefer-
ment.
Bentis, the Architect, not being equal to builders of
Greek-land

In the perfection of finish of friezes and marvelous columns,
Yet was accorded a national fame for his beautiful structures,
And supervised the erection of numerous national buildings.

Tohar, the Sculptor, had studied abroad a long time,
and had gathered
Knowledge and skill which had made in the land of his birth his renown great,
So that his Statues were much in demand, and had brought him in great wealth;
And his glory still greater became by his Civil preferment.

Painter of pictures, and using a wonderful skill in his painting,
Rimino dared to challenge comparison with the outlanders,
And was never excelled by any who heeded his challenge;
Yet, 'twas said that he always acknowledged some debt to the Grecians
For the instruction received in their land in his wandering young days.

Musical skill was more widely diffused, and superior numbers
Labored with care and success to attain a good musical culture;
Narbo, however, was easily chief of them all, and excelled
Those of his class in the masterly strength of his perfect performance.

Poets there were; and their merits were greater than easily stated;
But there was none who was reckoned so far in advance of the others
As to be counted the absolute chief of the writers in that style.

Cone, and Davus, and Fergus, and Hermio, Madus and Noes,

All were among the prominent names of the Poets in honor.

Writers of History shared in renown with Poets and Artists,

But were accounted as those whose gifts were less notably brilliant.

Orators never attained to the singular eminent standing

Held by some men of their class with the versatile Greeks and the Romans,

Chiefly because the gift of eloquent speech was so common.

Famous among the Shippers who traversed the billowy Ocean,

Trading to various lands that were lying far to the eastward,

Navus the Prudent was oftener called the man of good fortune.

One time he sailed to that shore of the Island which looked to the sun-set,

Trading with several cities and numerous towns of that region.

Tarrying there he was blown off the coast by a terrible east wind,—

Driven far out on the raging, unknown, and untraveled Ocean.

No one expected to see him again, or to hear from his vessel;—

Others had gone the same way; but none had returned with their story;

Yet after seasons had changed, and he was supposed to have perished

Navus again returned to the coast he had left in the tempest

Bringing report of a far-away unpeopled land to the westward.

Long was his story of hardship and dangers encountered in sailing,—

Hunger and thirst and cold and a host of unspeakable terrors ;—

But he was back ; and those who were with him commended his prudence,

Saying that only through that had they all been saved from destruction.

Rapid Agalles outstripped in the Race the swiftest of horses ;

And he tired them out in a famous pedestrian long course.

Ortus, the Athlete, having encountered a bull in the forest,

Killed with a club, and carried the animal home on his shoulders.

For their amusements the people had shows, and music and dancing,—

Acting of parts, and trials of strength, and races of foot-men,—

Racing of horses, and chariot races, and throwing of discus,—

Shooting with arrows, and hurling with spears, and wrestling matches ;—

But no boxing was ever permitted with fists or with cestus.

No kind of battle was ever allowed in the name of amusement.

It was enacted should any two fight for a prize or a wager,

They should be forced to continue the fight till one should be killed off ;

Then the other should have his head broken by vigorous clubbing ;

And in one hole they both should be buried ; and nothing should point out

Where they had found their wretched and infamous place of interment.

Rigid enforcement of this made prize-fights very unfrequent!

Stories recounted by Bards, with interspersed music of great Harp,
Often beguiled of their tedium long Winter evenings by fire-sides.

Sometimes too there were rivals in music of pipe and of lute-strings,

Charming the old and the young with the marvelous skill of their playing.

Seasons of social delight were the feasts on occasions of Marriage

Where were convened the friends of the parties uniting their fortunes.

Simple and fitting the rites they observed in making betrothal,

And in carrying out a solemn and permanent Contract.

Bridegroom repaired with a number of friends to the home of his chosen

And conducted with music the Bride to the home of her husband;

He then presented to all of his kindred the wife of his bosom.

Cora, the beautiful maid, was betrothed to Madon of Bomar;—

Distant was Bomar From Cora's abode by full a day's journey.

Nearly arrived was the day of the marriage; and Cora was ready

When a messenger said that Madon was sick of a fever
So that he could not come for his bride in the manner appointed.

Roxa, his sister, had come to request that she would go with her,

Bearing at least some little relief to her suffering brother.

Resting that night, in the morning they started with vigor and courage,

Hoping to get through the gloomy primitive forest by day-light.

Fairly they sped, but stopped to partake of refreshment at noon-time ;—

Then very soon they came to a stream that casual rain-fall

During the previous night had swollen too much for their passage.

Troubled at first, they concluded to follow the little creek upward

Till they should find it become sufficiently narrow for crossing.

Over at last, they hastened along, but missed their direction,

Presently lost all trace of their path, and were hopelessly wildered,—

Seeing no sun on account of the clouds, and roving at random.

Night coming on, their hunger was scarcely appeased by the fragments

Left from their dinner ; and then on the chilly, damp, bare ground,

Sheltered a little by favoring trunk of a tree that had fallen,

Clasping each other in sisterly arms, they slumbered together

Spite of the winds and the stiffening frost of a night in December.

Next day was gloomy and dark ; and they'd nothing to eat in the morning ;

But they continued their sinuous course in the hope that good fortune

Might in some way give escape from this dismal and terrible forest.

Late in the day, while weary and faint and already despairing,

Under a tree they found as they passed some handfuls of chestnuts ;

And, having molified hunger with these, they gathered
the remnants

For their support on the morrow, if life should remain
unextinguished.

Looking, however, a little ahead, they saw that rough
steep hills

Lay in their course; and therefore they could not be
going the right way,

For in going to Bomar their path should be con-
stantly level;

But they were weary; and taking again the earth for a
pillow,—

Sleeping all night, they wakened refreshed somewhat in
the morning.

Making a meal of chestnuts, and turning away from the
hill-range,

Now they proceeded as well as they could in a diff'rent
direction;

And in the course of the day they found an abundance
of acorns.

These, although bitter, would keep them, at present at
least, from starvation;

And they procured as many as strength would allow
them to carry.

Night was approaching; but now all at once they
were heartily gladdened

Seeing a ruin deserted which once had been home of a
Woodman;

And in this for the night they found a semblance of
shelter.

Cold and dark was the night; and the angry and piti-
less north wind

Threatened to bury the sleepers in wreck of the ruin-
ous building;

But when morning appeared, the building itself was
near buried

Under the drifts of a blowing and shifting and ter-
ribly deep snow.

Prisoners close, and tortured by breath of the merciless north wind,
Still they rejoiced in the shelter by virtue of which they were living,—
Clung to each other, and baffled the cold by their vigorous movement.

Wearily passed that terrible day; and, darkness returning,
Close in a corner they laid themselves down for the horrible night-time.
Tardily came the daylight again; and the storm was still raging;
And, to increase the horror still more, grim sickness attacked them
So that they scarcely could stand, or eat the few acorns remaining.
After a while, however, the wind took a turn to the southward;
And before night the quadruple fierceness of cold was relenting.

After another unspeakable night the sun rose in the morning;
But to the prisoners scarce any vestige of hope was remaining;
Gone was their strength; and their acorns were gone; and no more could be gathered.
Deep was the snow, forbidding retreat in any direction;
There they supposed their bodies would lie, when spirits had left them;
And they desired a message to leave for whoever should find them;
But in their absence their friends were alarmed, and for days had been searching
Over the forest; and now at the last had come hither with labor,
Forcing their way through multiplied masses of hindering snow-drifts.

Found were the maidens, and rescued from imminent certain destruction.

After two days they arrived at the prosperous city of Bomar,—

Ent'ring the house of Madon the Good an hour before night-fall.

Madon, with pallor of death on his cheek, on a pillow was lying;

And when he heard that Cora had come, he smiled for a moment

While his thin hand he extended in evident token of welcome.

Cora imprinted a kiss on his lips; but she saw the next instant

That on the lips of the dead her passionate kisses were falling!

Raising herself, and casting a look on the friends who were weeping,

"Let me be buried with him" she exclaimed with a tone of affection,—

Sank to the floor at once, and yielded her life at his bed-side!

Single the grave that was opened for both; and the people of Bomar

Covered it over with flowers every year in the beautiful Spring-time.

Roxa survived the distress, and married the brother of Cora.

Some who claimed magical powers had followers, too, and were favored.

Oft they pretended to see in the dark, or with eyes closely bandaged,—

Hidden treasures to find, or fountains of water discover,—

Trace the course of a thief, or tell events of the future,—

Some to control the movements, and even volitions, of others,—

Make them to hunger or thirst, or to sleep or to wake
at their pleasure.

Oft they assumed to cure the sick by their manipulations.

Many were said to rise in the air by the force of
their will-power,

Flying wherever they chose without visible wings to
uplift them.

Augur Hovores, Sage, and ambassador frequently
chosen,—

Prudent, and learned, and friendly, and Author of
numerous Volumes,—

Carried, as symbol of Priesthood, an Arrow regarded
as sacred ;

And on this he was fabled to ride in his very long journeys,

Passing o'er land and o'er sea many days without eating or sleeping,—

Foretelling Earthquakes, destroying Plagues, and soon
quieting Tempests.

Passing these fables and others, he's known to have
visited Athens,

Sparta, and Delos, and also the shores of the western
Italia,—

Meeting Pythagoras there, and receiving some favors
unusual,—

Making return for which he presented the mystical Arrow.

Master of all the learning as well as the language of
Greek-land,

He was acknowledged the peer of her world-renowned
Scholars and Statesmen.

Peaceful and prosperous, fertile and pleasant, and
peopled immensely,

Nations beheld with a great admiration the happy Latuna ;—

Yet in a night all the happiness fled from the beautiful
region

Shaken and wrecked by the horrible force of a violent earthquake.

Houses unnumbered were thrown to the ground ;
and people were buried

Under the ruins of Cities and Towns all over the country !

After that night a new island appeared some miles to the eastward ;

But in short time this island again was submerged ; and a huge wave

Burst unexpected on low-lying shores of afflicted Lattuna.

Thousands were drowned in the flood ; but many unhappy survivors

Fled to the hills, and found there safety from present destruction.

Seeing their wealth, their friends and their neighbors o'erwhelmed in the waters,

Some of them wished that they too had shared in the fate of their loved ones.

Land thus ingulfed by the sea remained in Neptune's possession ;

But the people on high lands supposed they were free from such danger.

Plowing and sowing and reaping, and plying their other vocations,

Still they were hopeful of life and prosperous days in the future.

Thrice had the harvests been gathered, and Winter was coming as usual,

When they discovered that even the permanent hills were subsiding,—

Some of them being already o'ertopped by the incoming waters !

Filled with dismay, they believed they were doomed to the fate of the low-lands ;

And they began to depart from the hard-fated country by thousands.

Many, however, still dared to remain, and to watch the
subsidence,—
Trusting that mountains at least would be spared by
omnivorous Ocean.
Some too remained from the lack of the requisite means
for removing.
Steadily now the Island went down; and steadily
dwindled the people
Till there was left a disconsolate, pitiful few of heart-
broken
Victims on top of the ridge of the western subsiding
low mountains.
Here they constructed a raft and some boats, and
awaited the waters.
Soon these were present, when, mounting the raft,
and filling the small boats,
Taking whatever provisions they'd painfully managed
to gather,
Trusting themselves to the winds and the waves, and
the help of the Great Gods,
Outward they pushed from the rock as 'twas finally
totally covered!
Floating at random, they seemed for a day to remain
without moving;
But on the next the furious wind which they specially
dreaded,
Coming from eastward, drove them away in despair
and confusion
Towards the proverbial region of manifold darkness
and danger.
Long they were driven, and suffered extremes in
their perilous journey,
But by taking the boats on board of the raft they pre-
served them;
And at the last the raft was aground on a shore that was
vacant.
Landing then here, they found that the country
abounded in wild game;

And there were treasures of fish in the numerous
Lakes and the Rivers.

Hence they concluded to settle down here, at least for a
short time,

While they should try to discover some happier region
more inland.

Cold was the climate; and rough was the tedious
Winter that followed;

And in the Spring they resolved to remove to some
region more southward.

Finding the River which comes so far from the promis-
ing southwest,

Upward they followed the course of the stream, and
made frequent encampments

Till they had gone some thirty days' journey beyond
the vast high rock

Where is now the great Fortress, and market for In-
dian traders.

There they found lands that were fertile, and other
alluring conditions

Such that they thought it was best their wandering
life to relinquish.

Here then they lived, and increased, and were specially
prospered in fortune,—

Giving their juvenile State the patrial name New
Latuna.

Long they had dwelt in security there when powerful
Red-men,

Coming from regions that lay still further to south and
to westward,

Struck them in fury, and shortly had almost entirely
destroyed them!

Feeble the remnant that, driven away, turned back to
the north-east.

Still driven onward by constant attacks of the fu-
rious Red-men,

Scarcely a handful returned to the place where their
ancestors landed.

Here they have lived; and we, their descendants, are
living and dying!

Such the traditions that came to my ears, and that
filled me with wonder.

Here without shadow of doubt were a Tribe of descend-
ants remaining

Of that great Hyperborean people so famous in old
time;

For, comparing the Legends with Histories written by
Greek men,

No one can fail to perceive that Ambassador-Author
Hovores

Must be the great Hyperborean Author and States-
man Abaris.

Leaving the Sachem, I went to my lodge and began
the translation,

Putting the Indian Legends into presentable Latin.

Scarce had I finished the task when I heard that the
Sachem was dying;

And he was scarce in his grave when sickness invaded
the people,—

New and malignant, and proving not only distressing
but fatal;—

Half of them died in a month; and the others were
feeble and drooping.

Later I buried the last of the Tribe, and was left
to my own care.

Now I am feeling a terrible pain; and my hand is un-
steady;

Doubtless I'm sick; and perhaps I am actually dying
alone here,—

None to lament and no one to bury Mac Fusson of Glen
Mar."

Listened the people with mingled emotions of doubt
and of wonder

Added to those of genuine sorrow and tender compas-
sion.

Much they applauded the Reader, and much the faithful Translator.

Then they retired to their homes, and discussed the late Indian murders.

BOOK IV.

Sachem and Tribe had been driven from lands upon
which they were living
By the more powerful, covetous, quarrelsome Tribe of
the Pequods.

Fugitives, still maintaining their right to the land of
their fathers,
Quickly they turned to the promising friendship of
neighboring English,—
Asking them kindly to come and reside in that beautiful
Valley,—

Offering many and weighty inducements to action of
that kind.

Colonists, learning the state of the case, felt perfectly
certain

That there was right on the side of their cordial gen-
erous new friends

While there was wrong on the side of the bloody and
treacherous Pequods.

Hence they determined to make an attempt to get homes
in the Valley,—

Buying the land from those they regarded as owners
in just right,—

Hoping to mollify threatening barbarous foes by their
kindness.

Vain was this hope; for deep was the purpose and
plot of the Pequods

Horrible vengeance to take by a sudden and utter de-
struction.

Formerly coming from westward, they conquered the
previous dwellers,

Making them Subjects, or driving them out from the
lands of their fathers,—

Seizing the goodliest places for hunting and fishing and
seeding.

Widely they ruled over Tribes that then lived in the
south of New England,—

Even extending their sway to some parts of the distant
Long Island,—

Making, wherever 'twas heard, their name to be count-
ed a terror.

They from the first to the English incomers were bit-
terly hostile,

And were determined in some way to compass their
extermination.

Bent upon this, they endeavored to form an extensive
alliance,—

Hoping to use the whole power of the Indians to drive
out the pale-face.

In the pursuit of this scheme they had sent to the
tribe Narragansett

Chosen Ambassadors,—able and crafty and eloquent
speakers,—

Who should present to the Chiefs the most powerfully
cogent of reasons

Why they should join in the horrid conspiracy rapidly
forming.

Williams, the banished, at Providence, sent to the
people of Boston

News of the Indian plot; and being requested, in sore
need,

Used his endeavors with skill and success to baffle the
Pequods,—

Making it seem as if God had designed through his
pitiful exile

Greatly to bless his mistaken and stupidly envious
brethren

Just as the Patriarch Joseph, when stupidly banished to
Egypt,

Was to his brethren the means of saving their lives
from destruction.

Dark was the chilly tempestuous day when the pio-
neer started

All by himself in a rickety boat, on his perilous journey

Down the rough River and dangerous Bay, some thirty miles rowing,

To the abode of the powerful Chief on whom all was dependent.

Reaching the home of Canonicus, quickly he found that already

Pequod Ambassadors were with the Sachem in close consultation;

And for three days Williams faced them in Council, rebutting their crafty

Pleas, and dissuading the Chief from their urgently proffered alliance;—

Three days too was exposed to their murderous hatchets and long knives

Which he had reason to fear would be turned upon him in their vengeance.

Thwarted at last, the ambassadors went to their people in anger;

Williams, in safety restored to his home and his faithful companions,

Grateful, gave thanks for the manifest blessing of God on his efforts,

And in like manner continued his service unique for the English.

Sassacus, crafty and subtle, the Chief of the Tribe of the Pequods,

Though he had been unsuccessful in forming his proposed alliance,

Yet was determined his ultimate end by some means to accomplish.

Tribes that were subject to him were incited to murder the English

When and wherever they found them alone, or not ready for fighting.

He was blood-guilty, though often by artifice shunning detection.

Indian methods were cruel and cowardly, hateful and horrid.
Lurking in ambush, they sought to surprise their victims unthinking
While they were busy in peaceful affairs, or were quietly sleeping,—
Making of children, of women, and men, indiscriminate slaughter.
Finding a home some little removed from all sheltering neighbors,
Stealthily coming in darkness of night, they would burn down the house, and
Massacre all who attempted escape from the horrible burning.
Tomahawks crashed through the skulls; and scalps were their coveted trophies;—
Infants were dashed on the rocks or the trees in the sight of their mothers;—
Yet 'twas a boon to meet a quick death at the hands of the fiends who
Often in torture displayed a rough ingenuity monstrous.
Even the dead they would mangle and mutilate shamefully oft-times.
Bold, and defiantly wearing the clothes of the victims they'd murdered,
Impudent messages often they sent to the men in the Fortress,
Saying that they could kill Englishmen off like mosquitoes in Summer.
Such were the things which the English endured at the hands of the Pequods.
Lieutenant Gardiner scarcely had finished the Fortress at Saybrook
When he was quarantined there by a practical siege by the Indians.
Some of his men, sent out for supplies, were murdered and mangled;

Others were captured, and made to endure the most horrible tortures ;

Gard'ner himself, going out with some men, was seriously wounded.

Mason with twenty good men was sent to Gard'ner at Saybrook ;

And while he stayed the neighboring Indians were prudently quiet ;

But in the region above they continued their hostile incursions.

Soon Captain Underhill also was sent by the Council at Boston

Bringing to Saybrook as many for help as Mason had brought there.

Blood-thirsty Pequods, in number a hundred, with some other Indians,

Made an attack in the Indian style on the Wethersfield people.

Lying in ambush, they rushed on the English while working their corn-fields,—

Killing in malice a woman, a child, seven men, and some cattle,

And as a crown of their infamy, carried two girls away captives.

Lives of these girls were saved, it is said, by the wife of a Sachem ;

And they were rescued from bondage by Dutch of the Island Manhattan.

Afterwards, left at the Fort, they were carefully questioned by Mason,

Who from them learned some facts in regard to the arms of the Pequods.

Kindness shown to the captives by wife of the Sachem was counted

Much in her favor when afterwards she was a captive in Boston.

Mason, perceiving the terrible danger that threatened his own home,

Hastened to make with his men a quick march up the
River to Windsor,—

Underhill taking his place in defence of the Fortress at
Saybrook.

Opening Spring, the season of hope, and of joyful
seeding,

Brought to Connecticut Valley not joy, but a dismal
foreboding.

Deep was the gloom which pervaded and darkened the
whole of the region

Even in spite of the brilliant rays of the sun in his
glory,—

Even in spite of the woods and the meadows in beau-
tiful verdure,—

Even in spite of the loveliest flowers with their delicate
odors,—

Even in spite of the birds with their music and gorgeous
plumage!

Time for the planting of corn had arrived; but the corn
was not planted!

Dangerous work was the planting; and small was the
hope of a harvest;

Nothing could drive from the mind the dread of the rav-
aging Pequod!

Nothing but war, it seemed, could meet the imminent
danger.

May-day came; and a General Court was assembled
at Hartford;

And the first thing that was done was declaring of war
with the Pequod.

Ninety men was the force they levied at once for the
service,—

This being nearly one-half of the previous total enrol-
ment;—

Forty-two men was the quota required from the Colony
Hartford;—

Thirty from Windsor were summoned,—the balance
from Wethersfield coming.

Mason was made the Commander of all these separate quotas ;
Ample supplies of provisions were likewise presently levied ;
Samuel Stone was selected to go with the Army as Chaplain ;

Uncas, the Sachem, with seventy Mohegans, in league with the English,
Came to take part in the movement against the enemy common.

Scarcely nine days had elapsed when the Army was ready for marching.

All were embarked, and began to descend the River together ;

But they were hindered by shoalness of water ; and Vessels were grounded,

Making delay too tedious and vexing for Indian patience.

Uncas obtained permission to land with his men, and to march down,

Joining the others again on arriving at Colony Saybrook.

After a week the vessels arrived at the mouth of the River ;

And it was found the Mohegans had fought with a party of Pequods,

Killing a number, and capturing one of the insolent foemen,—

One more completely a treacherous villain than most of his nation.

Him in their Indian fashion they cruelly tortured for some time

Till Captain Underhill ended his miserable life with a pistol.

Waiting two days at the Fortress at Saybrook, when favoring wind came

All were prepared to go on and accomplish their terrible mission.

Underhill offered to go, and his men, if they were permitted;
And the Commander, accepting their generous offer with pleasure,
Sent twenty men of his own force back to assist as a home-guard.
Onward at last the Army proceeded with resolute purpose.

Mason had orders to land at the river on which is New London,—
That is—to land in the very heart of the enemy's country;—
But for good reasons he thought it not best to follow instructions;
And, though dissenting at first, the others soon held this opinion.

Passing the Pequods, they went to the shore of the Bay Narragansett,
Where they conferred with the Chiefs of that Tribe;
and a force of two hundred
Warriors joined them to make an attack on the Tribe which they hated.
Leaving some men with the Vessels to bring them back quickly by water,
Early the Army set out to march over land to the Pequods.

Twenty miles covered, they came to a Fort of Nehantics at night-fall;
And to prevent any sending of news to the enemy's quarters,
None were permitted to go from the Fort while the Army remained there.
Next day, marching twelve miles, they came to the Pawcatuck fording,
And, after resting, proceeded three miles to a very large corn-field.
This they supposed to imply that the enemy's Fort must be near them.

Uncas informed them that two strong Forts were held by the foemen,—
One some five miles farther away from them than the other.
Greatly exhausted by labor of marching, by heat and privations,
They with reluctance prepared to attack the nearer Fort *only*,—
Leaving the other for subsequent closer and special attention.
Guided by Uncas, they marched very cautiously half of the clear night,—
Making their Camp for a two-hours sleep on a spot well protected,
Having a swamp in the rear, and high rocks on the right and the left hand,
Distant two miles from the enemy's Fort on the shore of the Mystic.
Scouts in advance could hear the noisy rejoicing and yelling
Those in the Fort kept up in their triumph till long after midnight,—
Thinking the English had passed them because they had feared to attack them.
Long before day-light the English by moonlight were ready for marching.
Coming in sight of the Fort, the Indian allies proved cowards,—
Slinking to rear, and leaving the English to do all the fighting.
Not very large or strong was the Fortress, much dreaded when far off,—
Merely a common Stockade, inclosing two acres, or some less,—
Having within it some seventy light and combustible wigwams;—
Two sally-ports were closed during night with logs and with bushes.

Nearing the foe unperceived, and making two parts
of their forces,
Mason with one part easily opened and entered the first
port
Just as Underhill likewise opened and entered the other.

Soon were the wigwams all in a flame; and the
slaughter proceeded!
Caught by the foe in the midst of their sleep, in a merciless death-grip,
Horrible vengeance was wrought; and six hundred savages died there!

Burnt was the Fortress; and burnt were the more
than seventy wigwams
Which it inclosed as if for defence, but for real
destruction.

Partially burnt were the bodies of yesterday's clamorous
foemen;—
Horrid the sight that offended the eyes of their friends
in the morning
Who from the other Fort came too late to take part in
the battle!

Three times a hundred, with impotent rage they beheld the grim ruins;
Then to attack the retiring victors they rushed in their
fury.

Bootless, however, their furious rage; and nothing
they gained so;—

Harmless, their arrows fell short; and none of them
dared to come nearer.

While it was burning the English surrounded the
Fort at safe distance;—

Farther away the valiant Allies formed a great circle,—
Thus intercepting the flight of some fugitives who were
escaping.

Seven escaped and carried the news of the battle to west
Fort;

Seven were captured, and kept for some time in the hands of the English.

Two of the English were certainly killed; and twenty were wounded.

Mason is said at one time to have been in imminent peril.

One of the Indians at very close range had directed an arrow,

And was just at the point of letting it fly at the Captain

When the string of the bow was cut by Orderly Davis!

Scarcely two miles from their principal river the harrassing Pequods

Gave up the fight in despair of success, and turned sullenly backward.

Mason in transport discovered his Transports ent'ring the Harbor!

Coming on board, he found Captain Patrick of Boston awaiting,

Bringing men ready for vigorous service, and numbering forty.

Mason with twenty, and Patrick with forty men, marched over dry land,

Sending the others with wounded and prisoners by water to Saybrook.

Uncas went up with his men by the river to what is now Norwich.

Mason at Saybrook disposed of his faithful and true Narragansetts,—

Then took his men to their homes up the River in joyful triumph!

Now was the radiant light to Connecticut Valley returning;

Sad was the May; but now it was June in Windsor and Hartford.

One little month had brought wonderful change in the state of the Country.

Neither the sun in his glory was veiled and obscured in
a night-gloom,
Nor was the beautiful verdure of grass and of foliage
blackened,—
Nor were the flowers with their wealth of ravishing
colors and fragrance,
Blooming in all their magical grace and their loveliness,
frosted,—

Nor were the birds with their music and gorgeous
plumage repulsive.

Now in the fields the farmer could labor in safety
and much hope;

Now in their homes the people could rest not fearful
of slaughter.

Greatly the dwellers were moved to rejoicing and ac-
tions of gladness;

Filled were the Churches with worshipers grateful and
earnestly thankful,

Praising the Lord for His goodness and mercy and
wonderful favor;

Honors and thanks were bestowed upon those who had
served in the Army,—

Chiefly upon the Commander; the gallant and valorous
Mason.

Hooker, the Pastor at Hartford, commended the
work of the Army,

Publicly giving them honor and thanks in an eloquent
sermon.

Nature put on her choicest finery to grace the occasion;
And the whole Valley seemed blest as a modernized
Garden of Eden.

Yet was the War not finished, but only its action sus-
pended.

Sassacus, holding one Fort, escaped the slaughter
at Mystic;

And, with the part of his Tribe remaining, concluded
to go forth,

Making sojourn for a time with the Dutch on the
banks of the Hudson.

Burning their homes, and destroying their corn, they
started then westward,

And as they crossed Connecticut River, not much above
Saybrook,

Murdered three men whom they found in a little boat
quietly sailing.

This being known, 'twas determined to follow them
up on their journey.

Underhill with his Company having gone homeward to
Boston,

Stoughton with six score men was sent on a new ex-
pedition ;

And from Connecticut Mason was sent with forty to
join him,—

Stoughton "Commander in Chief," but Mason the real
Commander.

Still it was June when the forces began the pursuit of
the Pequods,

Sailing along by the northern shore up the Sound of
Long Island.

Uncas with some of his Tribe also followed by land
near the Vessels,

Scouring the country ; and finding a Sachem there
lurking, they caught him,

Cut off his head, and made it near harbor of Guilford,
a land-mark.

Passing the site of New Haven, they found an en-
campment of Pequods

Hid in a very bad swamp, and not at all easy of access.
This the Army attacked ; and after some resolute fight-
ing

Forced the surrender of all the old men, women, and
children.

Twenty were killed in the battle ; and seventy warriors
escaping

Followed their Chiefs, who had fled just before to the country of Mohawks.

There not as Friends in distress, as they hoped, but as enemies treated,
Sassacus died, and his brother, and ten other principal Sachems.

Scalps of these were sent to the English at Hartford and Boston.

Stoughton, returning to Boston, reported the loss of but one man

Who from disease, and not from the enemy's weapons, had perished.

Still there was left a scattering remnant of fugitive Pequods

Who at the last surrendered themselves to the English as Vassals,

And were ingrafted into the neighboring Tribes of the Red-men.

Otherwise captives were slaves, and distributed over the Country.

Poorly, however, they served, and soon died, ran away, or were set free.

Sullen and insubordinate, some were thought dangerous servants ;—

Hence there were fifteen boys and two girls sold off to Bermuda.

Fate of them there is not chronicled duly by negligent writers ;—

Yet is our wonderful "modern research" no longer at fault here ;

And by its singular aid we thus fill up the lacuna ;

Doris and Lolo were names of the two girls sentenced to exile ;

And of the boys were Neco and Madoc the names of the oldest ;

Doris and Neco were children of Sachems, betrothed in their childhood ;

Lolo and Madoc were also betrothed, but when they were older.

Reaching Bermuda the captives were sold to ten different masters,

And very soon were removed to their several distant Plantations.

Doris and Neco were bought by one man, and made servants of house-work ;

Lolo and Madoc were separate far, and were driven to field-work,

As in the sequel were all of the others in various places.

Some of the boys succumbed to the climate, and died of diseases ;—

Some were heart-broken in view of their fate, and soon perished from grieving ;

Others, worn out, were soon killed by their labor and various hardships ;

Some ran away, and were hunted and shot like ravenous wild beasts.

Doris and Neco were treated at first with something of kindness ;—

Living as husband and wife, they helped and encouraged each other ;

And for a while they even rejoiced at the birth of a Daughter.

Not very long, however, this favoring fortune continued.

Sick was their merciful Master ; and soon they were told he was dying.

Presently then the estate, including the Slaves and the cattle,

Passed to the hands of another whom every one knew as a tyrant.

Doris soon died ; and Neco was left alone with his daughter.

Neco was patient, and suffered abuse without show of resenting ;

But on a day when he saw his daughter knocked down
by the tyrant,
Seizing an ax, he cleft open his skull on the spur of the
moment,
And was soon taken and hurried to torture by tyrant's
subalterns.

Then the poor daughter was shamefully used, but had
none to protect her.

Madoc at first made careful research, and discovered
his Lolo;

Then he applied himself closely to work in behalf of his
master,

But was abused, and treated with scorn and contempt
past enduring.

Therefore he sought out a place in a swamp convenient
for hiding,—

Far from the home of his master, and never approached
by the white men.

Thither he made his escape in the night, and lay in
concealment.

Having a hatchet and knife, he could make his own
bows and his arrows;

And with these he could furnish himself with pro-
visions abundant,—

Sometimes fishing, and sometimes foraging nightly in
cornfields.

Stealthily meeting with Lolo, he kept her informed of
his movements;

And a long time in this way he continued to live as a
hermit.

Finally Lolo determined, escaping her keepers, to join
him;

And in the rudest of huts in the swamp they reveled in
Freedom.

Here too was born to the couple a son in this sylvan re-
tirement,—

Bringing them comfort, but making them also un-
speakably anxious.

These were conditions of life so very exceedingly fearful
They had no hope of maintaining their dismal concealment much longer ;
Yet was the end more nearly approaching than they had suspected.
Madoc one night returned to the lodge in a violent fever ;
And in three days, spite of watching and care, was Lolo a widow !
Then Lolo buried her dead in the depth of the swamp with her own hands,—
Burned down the lodge, and, taking her infant, returned to her master.
There she continued to toil while her infant was growing to manhood,—
Teaching him all the Traditions she'd learned from her husband and father,—
Teaching him where she had formerly lived, and the fate of her Nation,—
Bidding him take for a wife the daughter of Neco and Doris,—
Bidding him seek for some chance to return to the land of his kindred.
Such a chance came after Lolo had ended her life of sad fortune.
Hannum, her son, and his wife, the last of their race in the Islands,
Finally made their escape, and returned to the land of the Pequods.
There they found some of their kin who remembered their fathers and mothers ;—
There they continued to live, and were treated with kindness and favor ;—
There at the last they were buried ; and relics, if any, remaining
Rest on a hill of Mohegan in sight of the City New London !

Mason returned to Windsor, and then was Com-
mander at Saybrook,—
Raised, for his many good services done, to the rank
of a Major,—
And was, still later, a principal founder of Colony Nor-
wich.
Granted, as part of his pay, the Island in harbor of
Mystic
Has until now remained in the hands of his lineal
descendants.
Closed was the war; and the Colonists rested in
peace with the Indians,—
Peace that, with jubilant smile, for forty years was un-
broken.
During the war provisions were scarce; and their
price was increasing;
And in the following winter the people encountered a
famine.
Terribly hard was the season; and many succumbed to
its rigor;
Most of the cattle were frozen and starved; and all
faces were gloomy;
But in the spring there came a supply down the River
from Deerfield,—
Indians coming with fifty canoes to Windsor and Hart-
ford,—
All of them laden with corn that was then so especially
needed.
Also a ship from Boston arrived with provisions
abundant,—
Bringing, besides, more people to aid in upbuilding
the new town.
These were a company goodly and strong, and headed
by Hopkins,—
Him who was specially honored, and frequently Gover-
nor chosen.
Grateful, the people gave thanks to the Lord for his
wonderful goodness,—

Praising th' almighty Creator, whose mercy endureth forever!

Quietly, after the war, the Gen'ral Court, meeting at Hartford,

Drafted a Document that was unique in political story;
And in the Winter ensuing the thing was adopted in due form

As the prime Law of the Colony's Code,—a State Constitution!

None had existed before; but this has been followed by many.

All the States of the Union, and even the Union itself too,

Have in the sequel adopted the form and the soul of this model.

Hooker undoubtedly furnished the central and principal doctrine,—

That the People have right to prescribe and establish their own Laws,

And to require that the Magistrates rule in accordance with those Laws!

Here was the tomb of "divine right;" and here was "prerogative's" grave-yard!

This was the basis on which has been founded American Freedom.

Taught by the war a lesson of prudence, men turned their attention

Earnestly now to a scheme of Colonial Coöperation.

Hooker had urged this matter in vain a half-dozen years through;

But at the last he accomplished his laudable purpose completely.

Hartford and Windsor and Wethersfield, usually acting together,

Came to be reckoned and called the Connecticut Colony simply.

Colony Bay, and Plymouth, New Haven, and Hartford, united

For the defense, security, peace, and repose of the people;

Agawam, claimed by the Bay, by Connecticut duly was yielded.

(Now it rejoices in the euphonious title of Springfield).

Long were they hindered while much they debated the troublesome question:

"What is the Court of final appeal in all matters perplexing?"

"Surely the people's directors" said Boston with Winthrop the leader;

"Rather the people themselves" said Hartford with Hooker the thinker!

Fully to this decision the Country has come in its greatness.

This was a view which largely controlled the people at Newtown,—

Leading them on to make the attempt to settle at Hartford.

Forty years lasted the Compact, and rendered an excellent service.

(Little Rhode Island, left out in the cold, was rejected unfairly)!

This was precursor and model of greater Colonial Union

Afterwards formed to resist the tyrannic oppressions of England.

Efforts of Hooker and Haynes and Winthrop, assisted by others,

Greatly were quickened by acts of the Dutch, and the war in the Home-land.

Hartford was greatly perturbed by the questions relating to Churches,

Which were most ably discussed in the numerous volumes by Hooker;

But even these were o'ershadowed at length by a terrible sickness

Falling alike upon English and French and Dutch and the Indians.

Hooker, the well-beloved Pastor at Hartford, was principal victim ;

And this loss, of itself, involved the Country in mourning.

Hartford lamented with grief that was real and hopeless and lasting !

Hartford began with a building designed for a Church and a School-house ;—

Hartford in growing has multiplied houses for Schools and for Churches.

Cultured Religion from first to the last has furnished the motive

Which has impelled the most of the people to definite action.

Good Education has been the desire and the hope of the prudent

Who have established and fostered the various Schools and the College ;

And the results of their efforts have shown that they labored discretely.

Much has the City been honored and blest by the work of her Teachers.

Science has opened the way to the Arts, and to rational living.

Always a home of the Arts, the City has treated them fairly,

And has been richly repaid on their part for her motherly kindness.

Music was first of Fine Arts to receive any special attention,

And has continued secure in the favor of most of the people.

Part of the worship in Churches, it always is studied and practised

Much for the purpose of using in public and private devotion ;—

Having a natural charm for the ears of all innocent children,
Rightly it fills a prominent place in the home and the day-school ;
Having a charm for the old and the young that grows with their culture,
Music is fitly a helper in almost every amusement ;—
Used with effect in all martial parades, and even in battle,
Music, in peace and in war, is an indispensable motor.
Hence almost every one some musical instrument uses.
Purring Accordeons mostly have passed, and Melodeons also,—
Yielding their places of glory to modern Pianos and Organs ;
But the old instruments still to be heard are too many to mention.
Music, the Art of the people, not brought to perfection by any,
Has in the City been followed to more than the usual attainment.
Also the Arts of Design have been studied and practised in earnest.
Few are the Sculptors, indeed ; but more have made Drawing and Painting
Means of expressing in visible forms the great beauty within them.
Not with ambition to rival the fame of Athenian genius,
But for the love of Art in itself have many thus labored.
Numerous Poets here also have written their Verses immortal ;
Orators too, more numerous still, have arisen in Hartford,—
Making the place for earnest and genuine Eloquence famous ;—

But to Industrial Arts has been turned the most constant attention,—

Making in these a success that is brilliant and wonderful truly.

Countless Inventions of things that are useful in peace, and in war too,

Indicate constantly active and laudably vigorous brain-power.

This too is shown in historic research among ven'erable Records,

And in original grappling with intricate questions of Science,

Added to more than the average attainments in all the Professions.

Medical Art, unique in itself, has made rapid advancement,

Proving a boon to many a weary and suffering patient.

People of Hartford have been conspicuous lovers of Freedom.

Freedom at first was the object they sought in their painful removing ;

Later they showed their spirit when Andros demanded the Charter ;

And they've remembered with pride the Charter preserved in the Oak-tree.

Long was the Tree preserved as an honored and sacred memento ;

And when it fell by the force of the wind, all its fragments were gathered,

Stored up as treasures, and scattered to uttermost ends of the Nation.

Afterwards when in grim Slavery's days fair Freedom was threatened,

Quickly they sent relief to the suffering people of Kansas ;—

Then, when the bloody rebellion arose to dis sever the Nation,—

All for the sake of destroying every vestige of Freedom,—
Hartford sent forth to assist in the struggle for national Union
Hundreds of brave and generous men, her comeliest children,
Many of whom went down in the strife, and yielded their life-blood
Nobly for sake of the cause of our beautiful National Freedom.
Bitter the tears that were shed for their loss by their kindred and home-friends;
Sad was the mourning even of those who were personal strangers;—
But there arose the reflection: "How costly and precious is Freedom!"
"Woe worth the day" when the people of Hartford shall ever forget this!
Small the beginning, and slender the promise, of Hartford the new town;
But there was planted the genuine seed of all human improvement.
Fairly it grew; and at length it was called a colonial Small Town;—
Larger it grew until 'twas entitled a flourishing Large Town;—
Still it continued to grow and improve till a City 'twas reckoned;—
Then it was known as a City of culture, refinement, and learning;—
Afterwards, growing in wealth and in fame of its numerous merchants,
Hartford was called a City of much commercial importance.
When a young man first came to the place, he found it was larger
Much than the other small Cities he'd seen in his limited travels;—

Coming again, he found it like seven such Hartfords united.

Still is the Beautiful City progressing, and growing in favor.

Hartford has also sent out her sons to the ends of the great earth,—

Sending them forth to collect and bring back all treasures of learning,

Treasures of Art and Historical Relics from countries of Old World,—

Natural products required for purpose of study or teaching,—

Wealth of all kinds afforded by regions of land or of Ocean;—

Sending them forth to convey in good will to the people less favored

Treasures of Art and of Learning, and various lessons of wisdom,

Civilization, and blessings of heaven-born Laws and Religion;—

Sending them forth to inculcate the principles taught in the Gospel,—

Good will to others, with honesty, truth and justice in dealing,—

Sending them out to impart the beautiful lessons of Freedom!

What shall the future disclose in the fate of our City of Hartford?

Turnnig our eyes to the Magical Glass that is standing before us,

Double the View that's presented in wonderful boldness of outline;—

Changing from one to the other design with a change in the view-point.

Looking from right, the City appears extensive and growing,—

Reaching to north till Windsor entire is fairly included,—

Reaching to south till neighboring Wethersfield's wholly encircled,—
Reaching to east till sands of East Hartford are conquered completely,—
Reaching to west till mud of West Hartford is conquered entirely,—
Busy and bustling and noisy, and constantly cheerful and lively,—
Rich in appearance, and rapidly changing its fortune to richer,—
Showing great buildings both public and private of wonderful splendor,—
Showing a great City Hall near the center,—and towering above it
Words in great letters expressing the Public-policy Motto—
Saying distinctly to every one "We are helping our Neighbors!"
 Looking from left, the City appears a moldering ruin,—
Streets are deserted; the traffic is gone; the machinery idle;—
Stores are not opened; the houses are crumbling; the people in mourning
Saving a few who are standing around the great Hall of the City
Reading the lately adopted new Public-policy Motto—
Saying distinctly to every one "We are helping ourselves now!"
Changing the Motto has brought to the City the direst of changes!
 Hartford shall grow with the flight of the years and the ages,
Blessing and blest by her Arts and Inventions and multiplied Commerce,—
Honored and loved by the wise and the good of all peoples and Nations,

If she adhere in good faith to that noble and generous
purpose
Briefly and clearly expressed in the words "We are
helping our Neighbors!"

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